

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1891. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

Price \$2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents.

Whole Number Issued, 3450.

## COME BACK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY ELLA WHEELER.

In the breath of the beautiful summer,  
The vine has grown green at my door;  
It blossoms and blooms in the sunshine  
As it blossomed and bloomed once before.  
But you are not here, oh! my darling!  
It knows you are gone and is grieving,  
And whispers, "Oh! why is he absent?"  
To the winds as they rustle its leaves.

The meadow lark sings on the willow,  
But the sweetness has gone from his song,  
And I know that he pines for your presence,  
And grieves for you all the day long.  
The martin-bird calls you each morning,  
I hear his sweet voice at the dawn,  
The robin cries, "Why does he linger?"  
The oriole, "Where has he gone?"

I hear in the hush of the twilight  
The low tender wail of the dove;  
And I know that she sobs in the gloaming,  
And longs for you back, oh my love!  
And my heart, oh! my heart is so lonely,  
And all the deep fountains are stirred,  
It sighs with the vine at the doorway,  
It echoes the cry of each bird.

And the winds, have the winds ever told you  
One half that I charged them to say?  
How my eyes have grown weary with watch-  
ing.

How I call to you day after day?  
Then why do you loiter and linger,  
While the birds are crying "Alack!"  
And the vine at the doorway is sighing,  
And the hill-tops re-echo "Come back."

## THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

### CHAPTER VII. THE COUGOUARS.

Don Valentine Cardoso's conversation with Don Blas Salazar was prolonged far into the night. Dona Concha had retired to her apartments.

"Thanks, Blas, my friend," Don Valentine said, in conclusion; "that Don Torribio Carvajal never pleased either my daughter or myself. His mysterious ways and his look repulse affection and inspire distrust."

"What do you intend doing?" the capataz asked.

"I am greatly embarrassed; how can I close my doors against him; what pretext should I have?"

"Good gracious!" Blas said; "perhaps we are alarming ourselves too soon. This gentleman is doubtless no more or less than a lover. Dona Concha is of the age to be beloved, and her beauty attracts Don Torribio. You do not like him as son-in-law, so all right; but love, they say, is a strange thing, and some day or other—"

"I have designs for my daughter."

"That is different. By the way, may not this mysterious caballero be a secret agent of General Oribe, who is watching Carmen?"

"That is the truth, I believe. His hints to the gauchos, his unexpected absences, whose purpose is unknown, are simply of a political nature, and Don Torribio is a conspirator."

"Nothing else. Be on your guard against him."

"In the expectation of General Oribe making an attack, let us make ourselves secure. The Estancia of San Julian is close to Fort San Jose and the sea; we will await the issue of these machinations there in greater security, because a vessel, anchored opposite the estancia, will be at my disposal, and on the slightest alarm convey us to Buenos Ayres."

"That arrangement removes all difficulties; in the country you will not be annoyed by Don Torribio's visits."

"Caramba! you are right; and I will proceed to give orders for departure. Do not go away, for I want your assistance, and you will accompany us."

Don Valentine hastened to wake the servants and peons who were fast asleep; and the valuables were at once packed up.

At the first gleam of dawn Dona Concha was greatly surprised, when her lady's-maid, a young mulatto girl, informed her of her father's sudden resolution. Dona Concha, without making the slightest remark, dressed herself, and began packing.

At about eight in the morning, Blas Salazar, whom his foster brother had sent with a letter to the captain of his schooner moored off Carmen, and loaded with Brazilian merchandise, returned to the house, and stated that the captain would sail at once, and be anchored by nightfall before San Julian.

The courtyard of the house resembled a hostelry. Fifteen mules, bending beneath their bales, stamped in their impatience to be off, while the travelling litter was being prepared for Dona Concha. Forty saddle-horses, intended for the servants, were fastened to iron rings in the wall; four or five mules were prepared to carry the young lady's female attendants, while two negro slaves held two splendid chargers, which stamped and champed their silver bits,



HUNTING THE COUGOUARS.

while awaiting their riders, Don Valentine and his capataz. There was a deafening confusion of shouts, laughter, and kicking. In the street, a crowd, among whom were Corrocho and Panchito, curiously watched their departure, while making their comments on the strange fact of Don Carlos choosing so late a season for a residence in the country.

Panchito and Corrocho slipped away. At last, at about half-past eight o'clock, the *arrieros* placed themselves at the head of their mules; the servants, armed to the teeth, mounted; and Dona Concha, dressed in a charming travelling costume, walked down the steps, and with a merry laugh, bounded into the litter, where she nestled like a humming-bird among rose leaves.

At a sign from the capataz, the mules, already fastened to each other in a file, started. Don Valentine then turned to an old negro, who was standing respectfully near him, hat in hand.

"Good-bye, *Se Peralta*," he said to him; "I give you charge of the house, and leave you Cyrillo and Nanez."

"Your excellency can reckon on my vigilance, the old man answered: "may God bless your excellency, and the Nina too. I will take great care of her birds."

"Thank you, *Se Peralta*," the young lady said, leaning out of the litter.

The courtyard was already empty, when the negro bowed, delighted at the thanks.

The night storm had completely swept the sky, which was of a pale blue; the sun, already high on the horizon, spread profusely its warm beams, which were filtered through the fragrant vapors that rose from the ground. The atmosphere was wonderfully transparent, a slight breeze refreshed the air, and swarms of birds, glittering with a thousand hues, dashed about. The mules, which followed the bell of the *peguia madrina*, trotted to the songs of the *arrieros*. The caravan marched gayly across the sandy desert, raising the dust around it, and undulating like a long serpent, in the endless windings of the road. Don Blas, with ten servants, who explored the country, and examined the bushes, formed the vanguard. Don Valentine, with a cigar in his mouth, was conversing with his daughter, while twenty resolute men closed the march, and protected the travellers.

In the plains of Patagonia, a journey of four hours, like that to the estancia of San Julian, requires as many precautions as one of two hundred among us; enemies are embuscaed everywhere, and ready for pillage and murder; and travellers are compelled to be on their guard against gauchos, Indians, and wild beasts.

The white houses of Carmen had disappeared long ago, when the capataz, leaving the head of the party, galloped up to the side of the litter.

"What is the matter?" Don Valentine asked.

"Nothing," Blas replied; "still, excellency, look," he added, stretching out his arm in a south-westerly direction.

"It is a fire."

"Now turn your eyes to the east-south-east."

"That is another fire. Who the deuce has lighted fire on those scarped points—and for what object?"

"I will tell you. That point is the cliff of Urubus."

"It is."

"That is the cliff of San Xavier."

"Well?"

"As a fire does not light itself, as we have some 120 dogs of heat, and as—"

"You conclude—"

"I conclude that these fires have been lit by Don Torribio's gauchos; and that they are signals."

"Stay, stay, that is logical, my friend, and you may be right perhaps; but what do we care?"

"Those signals tell that Don Valentine Cardoso and his daughter have left Carmen."

"You spoke to me about that, I think? Well, I do not care about Don Torribio knowing of my departure."

A sudden cry was heard, and the mules stopped with trembling limbs.

"What is going on down there?" Blas asked.

"A cougouar, a cougouar!" the *arrieros* shouted in horror.

"Canario, it is true," the capataz said, "but instead of one there are two."

About two hundred yards ahead of the caravan two cougouars (the *Felis discolor* of Linnaeus, or American lion), were drawn up ready for a spring, with their eyes fixed on the mules. These animals, still young, were about the size of a calf; the head bore a great likeness to that of a cat, and their skin, smooth and soft, of a silvery tawny, were spotted with black.

"Come on," Don Valentine exclaimed, "uncouple the dogs, and let us have a hunt."

"A hunt!" the capataz repeated.

A dozen mastiffs were uncoupled, which, on approaching the lions, barked simultaneously. The mules were collected and formed into a large circle, in the centre of which the litter was placed. Ten servants were told off to guard Dona Concha, and Don Valentine remained by her side to keep up her courage.

Horses, riders, and dogs rushed in rivalry on the ferocious animals with yells, shouts, and barking sufficient to start lions that were novices. The noble beasts lashed their flanks with their powerful tails, and after a deep inspiration they fled away with lengthened bounds. A part of the hunters rode off in a straight line to cut off their retreat, while, others bending over the saddle and guiding their horses with their knees, brandished their terrible bolas, and hunted them with all their strength, though without checking the cougouars, which turned furiously on the dogs, and hurled them a dozen yards off, yelling with pain. The mastiffs, however, long accustomed to this style of hunting, watched for a favorable opportunity, threw themselves on the lions' backs and dug their teeth into their flesh, but the cougouars, with one blow of their murderous paw, swept them off like flies, and resumed their hurried course.

One of them, hobbled by the bolas, and surrounded by dogs, rolled on the ground, digging up the sand with its contracted claws, and uttering a fearful yell. Don Valentine finished it by putting a bullet in its eye.

The second cougouar remained, which was still un wounded, and by its bounds, foiled the attack and skill of the hunters. The dogs, worn out, did not dare approach it. Its flight had brought it within a few paces of the caravan; all at once it turned to the right, bounded over the mules, and crouched right in front of the litter. Dona Concha, pale as death, with closed eyes, instinctively clasped her hands, recommended her soul to heaven, and fainted.

At the moment when the lion was about to dart on the girl, two shots struck it right in the middle of the chest. It turned round on its new adversary, no other than the worthy capataz, who, with extended legs, and eye fixed on the lion, awaited the monster. The cougouar hesitated, took a parting glance at its prey still lying in the litter, and rushed with a roar on Blas, who pulled the trigger again. The animal writhed on the ground, and the capataz ran up to it, machete in hand. The man and the lion rolled together, but only one of them rose again—it was the man.

Dona Concha was saved. Her father pressed her joyously to his breast; she opened her eyes again at last, and aware to whose devotion she owed her life, held out her hand to Don Blas.

"I can no longer count the number of times you have saved the lives of my father and myself."

"Oh, senorita!" the worthy man said, as he kissed the tips of her fingers.

"You are my foster brother, and I can only discharge my debt to you by eternal gratitude," Don Valentine said. "Strip the lions of their skins, my men," he said, turning to the servants. "I suppose they will not frighten you, when they are converted into carpets, Conchita."

No one equals the Hispano-American in the art of flaying animals; in a minute, the two lions, above which the urubus and vultures of the Andes were already hovering, were stripped of their skins.

Order was restored in the caravan, which started again, and within an hour arrived at the Estancia of San Julian, where it was received by Patito and all the farm peons.

### CHAPTER VIII. THE ESTANCIA OF SAN JULIAN.

The bomberos, accompanied by Mercedes, buried themselves in the desert. Their journey lasted four hours, and brought them to the banks of the Rio Negro, to one of the charming oases created by the river mud, and covered with clumps of willows, poplars, palm, chinoyas, lemon trees, and flowering jessamines, in whose branches thousands of birds of the most varying color and note gayly warbled.

Pedrito seized Mercedes in his robust arms, lifted her from the front of his saddle and laid her gently on the turf. The horses began quietly nibbling the young tree shoots.

"Tell us, how did you find our sister?" Juan said.

The elder brother, as if he had not heard, made no reply, and with his eyes fixed on the girl, he listened to a voice that spoke within him; he fancied he saw again the living portrait of his mother, and said to himself, "The same look, at once gentle and tender! the smile full of kindness! Poor mother, poor sister! Mercedes," he added in a louder voice, "do you remember your grown-up brothers, who loved you so dearly?"

"Come, come," Pepe exclaimed, stamping his foot angrily, "that is not fair, brother! you keep our bills in the water like a lot of ducks, and confiscate the girl's kind looks. If she is really our deeply-regretted Mercedes, speak; carai! we have as much right to embrace her as you have, and are all longing to do so."

"You are right," Pedrito answered; "forgive me, brothers, but joy rendered me egotistic. Yes, it is our dear little sister, so embrace her."

The bomberos did not wait for the invitation to be repeated, and without asking the slightest explanation from Pedrito, disputed with each other as to who should devour her with caresses. The maiden, who was deeply affected, and whom the Indians had not accustomed to such happiness, yielded to the intoxication of joy. While they were indulging in these transports, Pedrito had lit a fire and prepared a substantial meal, composed of fruit and a leg of guanaco. They sat down and ate with good appetites. Pedrito recounted his adventures at the tree of Guachin, without omitting a single detail. His story occupied a long time, for it was at times interrupted by the young men, who laughed most heartily at the tragic-comical incidents of the scene between the match and Guachin.

"Do you know," Lopez said to him, "that you have been a god?"

"A god who ran a greater risk of becoming immortal than he cared for," Pedrito replied; "for I feel that I love life since I have found the child again. Well, here she is, and he will be a clever fellow who takes her from us again. Still, we can-

not keep her with us and let her share our precarious existence."

"That is true," the other brothers said. "What is to be done?" Pepe muttered sadly.

"Our poor sister would die," said Pedrito; "we cannot make a female bombero of her, drag her after us into danger, or leave her alone."

"I shall never be alone when with you, my kind brothers."

"Our life is at the mercy of an Indian bullet. The fear that you may fall again into the hands of the Aucas or the Fuechies troubles me; and if you remained with us and shared our dangers, I should turn a coward, and not have the courage to perform my duties as bombero."

"During the ten years we have been prowling about the pampas," Pepe remarked, "we have broken with all our old acquaintances."

"Suppose, though," Lopez observed, "we find her a safe shelter? I have an idea."

"Out with it."

"You remember the capataz of the Estancia de San Julian, what is his name?"

"Don Blas Salazar."

"The very man," Lopez continued; "I fancy we have saved his life and his master's are now, and that both owe us a candle as thick as my arm in gratitude."

"Don Valentine and his capataz," Juan said, "would have yielded their skins to that demon of a Pincheira, who wished to flay them alive, had it not been for our rifles."

"That is our affair. Lopez is right."

"Don Valentine passes for a good-hearted man."

"He has, I think, a daughter whom he tenderly loves, and will understand the difficulty we are in."

"Yes," said Pepe, "but we cannot go to Carmen."

"Let us ride to the Estancia, then; it will only take us a couple of hours."

"We will be off," said Pedrito; "Juan and Lopez will remain here, while Pepe and I escort the chieftain. Kiss your brothers, Mercedes. Now then, Pepe; you two keep good watch and expect us at sunset."

Mercedes waved a parting farewell to her brothers, and, escorted by Pepe and Pedro, started at a gallop for San Julian.

At about three o'clock they perceived, fifty yards from them, the estancia, which Don Valentine and his daughter had reached hardly two hours before.

The Estancia of San Julian, undoubtedly the richest and strongest position on the entire Patagonian coast, stood on a peninsula six miles in circumference, covered with wood and pastures, on which upwards of two thousand head of cattle grazed at liberty. Surrounded by the sea, which forms a natural fortification, the strip of land, twenty feet in width at the most, was guarded by a battery of five heavy guns. The house, which was surrounded by lofty parapets and bastioned walls, was a species of fortress, capable of sustaining a regular siege, thanks to eight guns, which, planted on the four bastions, defended the approaches. It was composed of a large main building with a terraced roof, having ten windows on the frontage, and two wings. A large flight of steps, protected by a double curiously-worked balustrade, protected by a verandah, gave access to the rooms, which were furnished with the simple and picturesque luxury peculiar to the Spanish farms of America.

Between the house and the wall, in which there was, opposite the steps, a cedar gate five inches thick, and lined with strong iron plates, extended a large English garden, well wooded and beautifully laid out. The space left free behind the farm was occupied by the corrals in which the cattle were shut up at night, and an immense courtyard in which the annual slaughtering took place.

This white house was gay and pleasant, and could be seen from some distance off, half-hidden by the branches which crowned it with foliage. From the first floor windows there was a view on one side of the sea, on the other of the Rio Negro, which ran capriciously through the plain like a silver thread, and was lost in the azure distance of the horizon.

Ever since the last war with the Indians, ten years back, and during which the estancia was all but surprised by the Aucas, a *mirador* had been built on the roof of the main building, where a sentry stood day and night, ordered to watch and announce the approach of strangers upon a buffalo horn. In addition, the isthmus battery was guarded by six men, ready to discharge the guns at the slightest alarm. Hence, when the bomberos were still some distance from the estancia, their coming had been signalled, and Don Blas Salazar, accompanied by Patito, was standing behind the battery in order to challenge them when they came within hail.

The bomberos were aware of the orders, which are common to all the Spanish establishments, especially on the borders, where people are exposed to the continual depredations of the Indians. On coming within twenty paces of the battery, the two men stopped and waited.

"Who goes there?" a voice shouted.

"Friends!" Pedrito answered.

"Who are you?"

"Bomberos."

"Good! what do you want?"

"To speak to the *Señor Capataz*, Don Blas Salazar."







## Familiar Love.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, in the last installment of his novel, "He Knew He Was Right," has the following:—

"Perhaps there is no period so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between the lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they are to lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other; what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together; and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of the whole heart in written words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by any eyes, and any ears, and any sense, but the eyes, and ears, and sense of the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man that she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it, sweeter than any stars, haycocks, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced."

A lot of minstrels of a western city started out on a "tour" recently. They went to a town not far away and advertised to give a performance for the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to 25 cents. The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concert for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand. "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor!" Replied the treasurer, "Didn't we put the tickets down to 25 cents, so that the poor could all come?" The committee vanished.

The 500th anniversary of the birth of John Huss is to be celebrated this year at Prague, and a monument to his memory is to be erected at Constance, Baden, where he was burned.

In order to vex their Russian oppressors, the Poles of Warsaw have suddenly taken a great liking to the German language. They cause their children to study German instead of Russian, and the German language is spoken at all places of amusement while the Russian tongue is not used there at all. The Pole who speaks Russian is at once shunned in consequence by his countrymen, as a renegade and traitor.

So many Senators have gone to Europe that it is proposed to hold a session there this summer, and discuss the Alabama question.

There is a man in Chicago who vowed he would not shave until Douglas was elected President. His beard is now eight feet long.

There resides in Philadelphia a family of five brothers and one sister, aged respectively 85, 79, 78, 74, 71. Of these, five have had their golden wedding, and if the one aged 71 and wife live twenty months longer, they will have theirs. They were all born and have lived here all their lives.

A young man named Charles Nicholas had the whole top of his head kicked off by a horse, near Cleveland, on Wednesday evening. The horse was turned loose, with a halter on, and, after it had rolled to its satisfaction, and was about to rise, Nicholas advanced to take hold of the halter, when the horse, in a playful mood, first reared, and then turned and kicked with both hind feet, killing the man in the manner stated.

The new marriage law of Ohio prohibits marriages between first cousins, and of girls under sixteen years of age, and of girls, or "young ladies," under twenty-one years of age without the consent of their parents.

La Cloche, Ulbach's humorous paper, was recently confiscated for speaking of Eugene as "our venerable Emperor."

One Harry Robinson advertises himself in the theatrical papers as a "singer, musician and mechanical donkey."

A printer in the Columbus Sun office and a young companion, with more nerve than discretion, have recently been seeking to eclipse the William Tell romance. At a distance of forty yards one of them held a target not four inches above his head, and allowed his companion to shoot at it with a Potter's rifle. The ball very nearly centered the bull's eye.

A shoestring saved a little girl's life in New Haven, the other day. It caught on a nail as she fell out of a third-story window, and held her from death until assistance came.

At the Observatory in Washington, arrangements have been made to carry into effect a plan of signals, by means of the telegraph and steam whistles, to warn the city of coming storms.

The Postmaster of New York, orders that no letter carrier shall show a letter to any one but the person to whom it is addressed.

A highly intelligent reporter, the other day, in writing up a funeral, said:—"The people passed in review before the corpse!"

A Japanese colony is now on the way to San Francisco, composed of skilled gold and tea cultivators, who propose to buy Government land, set out 50,000 new mulberry trees, and 6,000,000 tea roots.

The temperance friends of Mr. George Cruikshank have presented to the English nation his great picture, "The Worship of Bacchus," valued at fifteen thousand dollars.

A young "buck" now-a-days is curiously compounded; he has a beaver on his head, a goat-ee on his chin, kids on his hands, doekins on his legs; casts sheep's eyes, and is looked upon by his doeing duck as dear.

A young gentleman was escorting a young lady home, a mile or two, and not wishing to walk, he remarked: "Mary, let's take a bus." But Mary, blushing to the eyebrows, drew back, and with wounded modesty, replied: "Oh, George! not right here in the street!"

The Boston Journal of Commerce says:—"No variety of wine is more dangerous than what is called claret. It is usually a vile mixture. Thousands of gallons are made by allowing water to soak through shavings, and adding thereto a certain proportion of logwood and tartaric acid, and a little alcohol. Good judges can hardly discriminate between this mixture and the genuine article."

## Suspended Tramways.

It has often been said that a good deal of trade might be developed in outlying parts of the country if they could be made accessible by cheap tramways. The want is now supplied by the Patent Wire-rope Tramway, which is supported on posts, and is well adapted for a rough country where the level can be maintained by simply varying the length of the posts. There are two rows of posts, and a horizontal wheel at each end of the line, and the endless wire-rope passed round the wheels is supported by pulleys attached to the line of posts. On the turning of the wheels, by steam or any other power, the whole length of rope is set in motion. The carriages (if such a name may be used) are boxes made to hang on the rope by a couple of pulleys, which run easily over all the points of support, conveying their load down one side of the line, and returning empty on the other. That this can be done is demonstrated by a tramway in operation for six months, carrying granite from a quarry on Barden Hill (Charnwood Forest) to a village three miles distant. And we hear that a similar line is to be erected at the gold-mines a little below Macquagga, in the Val Anzusa.—London Journal.

WHAT WILL BE.—A clergyman, whose name is stated to be Mr. Wild, has been lecturing in Canada, taking for his subject, "What the world is coming to." He announces these, among other things, looming in the distance: Coral insects will fill up the Pacific with solid, habitable land; eventually the globe will be all land, or at least there will be no more sea; there is also to be perpetually equal day and night of twelve hours each all over the globe; there is to be only one language spoken throughout the world, and "that of course will be English."

AN EVENING PRAYER.  
God, that mad'st the earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light,  
Who the day for toil has given,  
And for rest the night,  
May Thine angel guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us  
This livelong night! —Hobbs.

The boy who, when asked to what trade he would wish to be brought up, replied, "I will be a trustee, because ever since papa has been a trustee we have had pudding at dinner," was a wise child in his generation. The greatest success now-a-days are those connected with the dealing with other people's money.

There was a thoroughness about practical joking in the middle ages. When Pope Adrian died in 1583, the Roman people, who hated and despised him, determined to testify their pleasure at the event. They therefore adorned the door of his physician's house with garlands, adding the inscription: "To the deliverer of his country."

About seven years ago two sisters-in-law, in Detroit, got into a dispute over a baking they were engaged in, and vowed never to speak to each other again. Though they have both lived together in the same house since then, eating at the same table, and engaged at work side by side, they have never once addressed a remark to each other, or in any way recognized each other's presence.

How to CLEANSE WATER.—The editor of Hall's Journal of Health has often, in ancient times, "settled" Mississippi water, and made it look "as clear as a bell," by tying a bit of alum to a string and twirling it around for a few seconds beneath the surface of a glassful. The same authority further states that if a lump of alum as large as the thumb-joint is thrown into four or five gallons of boiling soap-suds, the scum runs over and leaves the water clean and soft and useful for washing.

Tennyson has a printing office in his house, and sends his works to his publishers in type.

Massini lives on soup and hash, and smokes thirty cigars a day; so the correspondent says.

When a prisoner is sentenced to death in France, he is taken to a very strongly-built cell, and has to put on the straight-jacket. A guard remains with him night and day, and highly stimulating food is given to him. Owing to the liberal allowance of wine given to the men shortly before they are sent to the guillotine, most of them are drunk when they reach the scaffold.

A young lady in Staunton, Va., keeps a list of her male acquaintances in a pocket diary, and calls it her *Am* book.

A negro lady in Chicago has sued a white gentleman for "breach of promise."

The New York Commercial calls Miss Ida Lewis the "Great American Life Preserver."

Henry Ward Beecher says it will never do to "preach cream and practice skim-milk."

A Mr. LONGFELLOW.—When Horace Greeley started the New Yorker, he offered fifty dollars for the best short poem. The announcement was that the fifty dollars had been awarded to a Mr. H. W. Longfellow, a Professor of Bowdoin College.

In the case of Miss Amanda Craig, of Cincinnati, vs. J. P. Sprague, of Chicago, for breach of promise of marriage, which has been on trial at Wheaton, Ill., the jury rendered a verdict awarding Miss Craig \$100,000 damages, the sum claimed by her. Sprague's counsel will apply for a new trial.

When my bees were in box hives, says Mrs. Tupper, I never omitted looking on the bottom board of each one every morning, and destroying the worms. Every one left soon becomes a miller, capable of laying many eggs, that become worms very soon—every one destroyed puts an end to possible generations in a single season. Destroy every worm in spring, and you can have no miller hatched in your hives that season.

"Put money in thy purse," as the pickpocket said when he robbed a man of an empty one.

A gentleman seeing a fine painting representing a man playing on the lute, paid this high compliment to the artist:—"When I look on that painting I fancy myself deaf."

An old sea captain used to say that he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him." And he didn't care how he dressed when at home, "because everybody knew him."

A man near Detroit, bent on suicide, the other day deliberately laid his left leg and right arm over the rails, with his head just off the track and his fist turned towards the approaching train. With steady eye, he watched its coming, and both limbs were cut off, the man dying shortly afterwards.

## Arsenic for the Complexion.

Miss Delinda Louisa Cook, a Maine girl of eighteen, who recently poisoned herself in San Francisco, owed her death to an ignorance of the qualities of arsenic. She was a robust and handsome girl, but afflicted with a rudeness of countenance not in accordance with her ideas of beauty. Having heard that arsenic would improve the complexion, she bought a couple of ounces of the poison at a druggist's, and when at home took a teaspoonful of it. In the afternoon she was taken suddenly ill. When questioned, she stated that she had taken the mineral. When informed that she had taken a large dose of deadly poison, and that her life could probably not be saved, she was greatly astonished, and intense mental anguish was added to her already terrible physical suffering. Every possible effort was made by the physicians in attendance to save the life of the sufferer, but she died in a few hours. The coroner's jury found a verdict that she came to her death "by having taken a dose of arsenic for the purpose of beautifying her complexion."

A poor fellow having with difficulty procured an audience of the late Duke of Newcastle, told his Grace he only came to solicit him for something toward his support, and as they were of the same family, both being descended from Adam, he hoped he should not be refused.

"Surely not," said the Duke; "surely not. Here is a penny for you; and if all the rest of your relations will give you as much, you'll be a richer man than I am."

The Western lands, it is stated, are rapidly becoming exhausted from the production of one class of crops and from the neglect to apply proper manures. The journals of that region assert that the grain-growing districts of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Minnesota are yielding smaller crops to the acre every year, and the same fact has been observed in the wheat districts of California. The West, as well as the South, must adopt the plan of rotation of crops.

A man, surprised by the approach of a railroad train on a bridge near Buffalo, dropped between the sleepers and grasped the rail, expecting that the car would pass over him. They did so, cutting off all his fingers and dropping him into the water.

Mr. Sumner is not only assailed by John Bull, but by "Bulls" generally, his speech having made the fortune of "Bears" on all the stock markets of Europe, not excepting Galatia, in Turkey, where the Turkish consols fell two per cent. on the publication of his speech. Pretty good for the great "Peace orator!"

Not bad for a little girl of ten, whose knowledge of geography is somewhat improving: On hearing her father speaking of going to the pole to vote, she very innocently inquired if the people at the South voted at the equator.

CONSUMPTION.—The returns of the census of 1890 show that the mortality from consumption was, in Massachusetts, 1 in every 250 inhabitants; in Connecticut, 1 in 360; in New York, 1 in 470; in Pennsylvania, 1 in 580; in California, 1 in 720; in Tennessee, 1 in 770; in Louisiana, 1 in 840; in Illinois, 1 in 880; in Iowa and Missouri, 1 in 900; in Minnesota, 1 in 1,139; in North Carolina, 1 in 1,300; in Florida, 1 in 1,440; in South Carolina, 1 in 1,730; and in Georgia, 1 in 2,150. It is supposed that so large a death rate by consumption in New England is due to the cold and moisture, brought about by sudden changes. A dry climate is absolutely essential for those whose lungs are diseased.

A little six-year old who attends church at a meeting-house recently remodelled, was enlarging eloquently on the beauties of the edifice, when a young friend interrupted her by inquiring if she supposed the minister preached any better than he did in the old house. "Well," said the enthusiast, "I guess he does; at any rate, a dinner tastes better when you have a nice clean plate to eat off of." This settled the matter.

Mr. Edwin Booth, the well known tragedian, was married Monday, at Long Branch, to Miss Mary McVicker, formerly of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the bride's grandfather, the Rev. S. F. Myers, of California.

Paul de Casagrac is a Paris editor, who has been called a liar 500 times, has been spit on in the street 7 times, has had his nose pulled 4 times, and been 4 times horse-whipped.

A German paper, published at Doy-lestown, Pa., in a late issue, contained a poem of sixty-four lines, singing the praise of saurkraut, and preferring it, if properly prepared, to boiled sweet corn and sweet corn pudding.

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—There has been more doing; sales 10,000 bbls at \$5.25, 25 for superfine; \$5.50 for extra; \$5.75 for low grade and choice Northwest extra family; \$6.00 for prime extra family; \$6.25 for extra family; \$6.50 for fancy family. Rye Flour, 500 bbls sold at \$5.25.

GRAIN.—Wheat has been active. About 50,000 bbls sold at \$1.30, 50 for common to prime red, \$1.40 for No. 1, 50 for No. 2, 50 for No. 3, 50 for No. 4, 50 for No. 5, 50 for No. 6, 50 for No. 7, 50 for No. 8, 50 for No. 9, 50 for No. 10, 50 for No. 11, 50 for No. 12, 50 for No. 13, 50 for No. 14, 50 for No. 15, 50 for No. 16, 50 for No. 17, 50 for No. 18, 50 for No. 19, 50 for No. 20, 50 for No. 21, 50 for No. 22, 50 for No. 23, 50 for No. 24, 50 for No. 25, 50 for No. 26, 50 for No. 27, 50 for No. 28, 50 for No. 29, 50 for No. 30, 50 for No. 31, 50 for No. 32, 50 for No. 33, 50 for No. 34, 50 for No. 35, 50 for No. 36, 50 for No. 37, 50 for No. 38, 50 for No. 39, 50 for No. 40, 50 for No. 41, 50 for No. 42, 50 for No. 43, 50 for No. 44, 50 for No. 45, 50 for No. 46, 50 for No. 47, 50 for No. 48, 50 for No. 49, 50 for No. 50, 50 for No. 51, 50 for No. 52, 50 for No. 53, 50 for No. 54, 50 for No. 55, 50 for No. 56, 50 for No. 57, 50 for No. 58, 50 for No. 59, 50 for No. 60, 50 for No. 61, 50 for No. 62, 50 for No. 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## A WOMAN'S IDEAL.

## A PARODY.

Who'er he be,  
That not impossible lie,  
To be hereafter lord of me,

Though he now lie  
Where mortal naked eye  
Cannot his shape descry,

I do believe that he,  
Most verily,  
In flesh and blood doth wait for me.

I wish him beauty,  
That even not all his duty  
To ails of dress—pins, rings, or blue tie.

Something more than  
Hate or blacking can,  
Which make the fop, and not the man.

An eye that's bright  
With youth's own eagle light,  
And needs no "glass" for sight.

A stately form and tall,  
Highest in field and hall,  
As was of old King Saul.

Standing among men, proud,  
With a free step, uncowed,  
With a high head, unbowed.

Tender to woman's tears,  
Pity for maiden's fears,  
Kind words for children's ears;

A true heart and clear head,  
Yet not all Euclid-bred,  
Or on stale classics fed;

One who can ride to hounds,  
And loveth sylvan sounds,  
But is not "horsey" without bounds;

One who can steer and scull,  
A "bloop" that can pull  
Up-stream a whole boat-full.

Yet with a soul and parts  
For finer, gentler arts,  
That live in noble hearts:

One who can rise and sing  
When maidens wake the string,  
And softest cadence fling.

A fair, good name,  
Perhaps no renown or fame,  
At least no taint of shame.

A manly grace,  
That looks you in the face  
And owns to no disgrace.

Now, if Time knows  
This him, for whose high brows  
There waits my wreath of vows,

He that dares be  
What these lines wish to see,  
I seek no further—it is he!

## A Hero of Waterloo.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

On the 18th of June, 1815, was fought a great battle, memorable forever as the battle of Waterloo. By whose courage or skill was the battle won? According to the best military critics, there was abundance of courage on both sides, but on neither side any skill, the superiority of numbers on the part of the allies ultimately deciding the combat. Perhaps it flattered and paralyzed the Duke of Wellington that he had to face for the first time, the mightiest man the world had for centuries seen; and perhaps Napoleon began the awful conflict like a dispirited gambler, who has no longer faith in his own sagacity, adroitness and fortune. If the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor Napoleon might have done better at the battle of Waterloo, the same thing cannot be said of Hundsfott Sandistel, whose achievements have hitherto been buried among heaps of German lumber, from which we now propose to disinter them for the entertainment and edification of the reader.

In 1810, while William I., of Hesse-Cassel, was still busy with his military and other reforms, one of his ministers received the following letter from England:—

"A brave man, a native of Electoral Hesse, serving in the English army as a member of the German Legion, and as an artilleryman, saved at the battle of Waterloo an English battery. All the artillerymen had been shot down, and a French regiment of cuirassiers rushed on the battery with the wildest fury. The valiant man, who, unassisted, had loaded all the pieces with grapeshot, fearlessly seized the match, and with the rapidity of lightning hurled the whole fire of the battery at the approaching horsemen. So frightful was the slaughter that the regiment broke and fled. Hereby the English grenadiers gained time to secure the battery which had been defended by the intrepidity of a single man. England delights in being grateful, but on this occasion was unable to recompense adequately, or at all, a distinguished service. The German Legion was dissolved, and the gallant artilleryman was forgotten. But when the army reports were perused afresh, the grievous neglect was at once discovered. It has become an urgent duty to atone for the oversight. We very respectfully therefore request you to make inquiries for the man, whose name is Hundsfott Sandistel, and who is doubtless, from his high character and notable achievements, known to many persons. The large gold war medal, and a suitable sum of money, we wish to place in his hands without delay, in recognition of the bold and famous feat."

Not small was the astonishment caused in Cassel by this epistle. Such excessive modesty had never been heard of before. A man of a rare stamp must this Hessian hero be. Diligent search had to be made for the warrior, who would no doubt blush for his own renown, as soon as a whisper thereof reached his ear. It seemed almost cruelty to disturb the philosopher in his profound retirement. Yet a descendant of George II. could not treat disdainfully a request coming from the chiefs of the English military administration.

A letter was therefore dispatched to every district magistrate of Hesse-Cassel. Minute and persevering investigation was earnestly urged. If the Great Unknown, who was likewise the Great Known, was still alive, he could not fail to be discovered when so many eyes were with hunger spying for the trace of his footsteps. But every district

magistrate, the more he darted furtively hither and thither, and looked into all sorts of corners, and asked all sorts of questions, the more he was doomed to disappointment. Manifestly the illustrious Sandistel had vanished from the earth.

At last, an Amtmann, more fortunate than his brethren, found in a village on the extreme frontier of the mighty realm of Hesse-Cassel, a hermit who was called Sandistel, and who might be presumed to be the missing artilleryman, the soldier who had been in the English service, and who, by one grand deed, had made himself immortal.

It is seldom that a district magistrate can render himself great by coming in contact with greatness. We can pardon, therefore, our Amtmann for shooting a loud shout of victory.

In hot haste, the Amtmann fired at the hermit a whole battery of interrogations. The hermit was stolidly built, and might have laid some claim to good looks; but his nose had a suspicious tinge, a coppery red, which is not generally supposed to be the best embellishment for noses. As a rule, it cannot be called a water-color, for it never arises from the exclusive drinking of water.

The better to be a hermit, Herr Hundsfott Sandistel had changed his mode of life. He had never been fond of work, and war had not made him fonder thereof. Coming to be the slave of the war-god Mars, Herr Hundsfott Sandistel undertook the humble and by no means onerous duties of swine-herd.

"What can I do to serve you, excellent Herr Amtmann?" asked the valiant swine-herd, with speech not so thick, and with nose not so coppery as usual, as it was early in the day.

"Sit down," said graciously, the self-important magistrate, "and answer me clearly, correctly, and honestly. Have you ever served as a soldier under the English?"

"Certainly I have, Herr Amtmann," was the reply.

"How did you come into the British service?"

Herr Hundsfott Sandistel shrugged his shoulders, and with the ease of a soldier who had seen the world, he began his narrative:—

"You must know, Herr Amtmann, that I was one of the conscripts sent from Hesse-Cassel to join the French army in Spain. In that fine country there were blue beans in abundance, but they were not good for eating, and a soldier who had got one of them into his stomach immediately lost his appetite, and could never drink any more schnapps. I was fond neither of the blue beans, nor of the French, and as I heard that the English had landed, and had a benevolent desire to show us the way back to the frightfully high mountains we had crossed when we entered Spain, I felt a strong desire to aid them in their kind attempt, and to pay my ransom, if I may be permitted to employ our customary phrase."

"That is to say, you wanted to desert," cried the magistrate, with a smile.

"If the expression pleases you better, by all means use it," proceeded Sandistel. "But we had good cause for wanting to be off, I can assure you. The English had plenty to eat and drink, while we suffered bitter hunger and thirst. Even water was not to be had; for though I have never liked water, I would willingly have swallowed it in the absence of anything else. The red-coats, pressing forever on, drove us nearer and nearer to the high mountains; and worse still, the fierce Spanish guerrilla troops, bursting from height and glen, were continually attacking us. All this was not much to my taste, I confess; nothing but blue beans to eat, and not even water to drink. Once, when the English were treading on our heels, I pretended to be rather more stupid than I am, and allowed myself to fall into their hands. If this pleased them much, it pleased me more, for I immediately entered the German Legion, ceased to hear and to gabble French, and got enough to eat and drink, though blue beans were with the English as with the French, an article of diet. The English had two kinds of schnapps—both most excellent. They had a schnapps called rum, and a schnapps called whiskey, and it was pleasant to be able to choose between two such beverages. We drove the French before us after the battle of Vittoria, and I marched to England. There I remained till Napoleon ran away from Elba. By-and-by, I found myself at Brussels. My career as a soldier came to an end at the battle of Waterloo. About that bloody affair you have doubtless heard enough, and I shudder when I recall it, with all its noise and confusion and havoc."

"I am a man of honor, and I wish to conceal nothing from you. Therefore I frankly confess that all my life I never possessed an excessive, or inconvenient amount of courage. If I was an artilleryman, it was from necessity and not from love of the occupation. At being ordered hither and thither, without regard to my taste and feelings, I growled in my heart. The cannonades I detested; because apart from the horrible din, the enemy always rushed like a wolf on the batteries. As soon as matters at Waterloo grew ugly and dangerous, my very moderate stock of valor began to diminish. But I made some natural and wise reflections. In my pocket I had two English shillings. What so natural, or what so wise as that I should spend those two shillings with the woman who sold drinks, and one of whose best customers I was. If courage was possible for me at all, it was plain that I could only get it from the bottle. In the presence of peril, I was a person of the liveliest imagination, and uncomfortable thoughts commenced to throng upon me, especially as the earth trembled under my feet, from the hideous crash of the artillery. It occurred to me that I should be an egregious fool to expose myself to the risk of being killed, and a greater fool still to let the French become the heirs of the two shillings. Common sense demanded that I should change the money into rum, and accordingly into rum I speedily changed it. Inspired by two shillings' worth of rum, I felt brave for the moment. But drowsiness and a tendency of my legs to eccentric movements, made me believe that my fittest position was a horizontal one."

When then I returned to the battery, I threw myself down beside one of the guns, and lay as still as a stone. My comrades, perhaps, thought that a blue bean had got into my stomach; not one of them disturbed me. How long I slept, I know not, but when I awoke, the cannon-balls were sweeping the face of the hill on which the battery stood. All my comrades had disappeared. Whether they had run away, or had been slain by the enemy, I knew not. But this I knew, that a French regiment of cuirassiers was dashing up toward the battery at full gallop.

"With much zeal I cursed in my soul the French rascals, and devoutly wished that they were in the fiery regions where pepper grows. But I had not much time for cursing. It was no joke to be held so near that awful crash of glittering breastplates and sabres. If taken and recognised, I was sure to be forthwith and without ceremony, shot. My own life seemed very valuable to me, compared to the lives of hundreds of men. I sprang to a loaded cannon, pointed it and fired it off. When I saw the slaughter the grapeshot made, I shouted and danced in the exuberance of my glee. A second, a third gun, I pointed and fired off, and in a succession the whole battery. Fortunately for me, but not fortunately for the poor French fellows, every gun had been already loaded by busier hands than mine, ere I applied a single match. How the grapeshot moved man and horse down, you can readily conceive, Herr Amtmann. The cuirassiers fell like snowflakes, and those who escaped danced right and left, from the dust and the smoke with all convenient speed. Doubtless I was saved as well as the battery. But how long? The shattered and scattered masses formed again for a fresh onset. With the celerity of the lightning or the wind, I cleaned the guns and loaded them anew. With eye all attention, and with hand all alertness, I was about to discharge them, when the English, in stormy mood, and with a stormy step, came on, and seized the battery and the hill."

"Where are the other artillerymen?" asked the colonel of the regiment.

"I know not," I replied.

"Have you alone discharged the guns?" he further inquired.

"Can you imagine a more stupid question, Herr Amtmann? The blockhead might have seen that no one else was near."

"Who else?" said I.

"And did you alone load the guns anew with grapeshot?"

"Who else?" cried I, much annoyed at being catbawled in such a silly and school-boy fashion.

"But the catechising was not yet at an end. I was requested to tell my name, and so on. The truth I avowed without distortion, or embellishment, or boasting, though with some slight and pardonable suppressions. I neither spoke to the officer about the two-shillings' worth of rum, nor of my profound slumber beside the cannon, nor of the hearty curses which I had yearned to fling at the French. The officer was neither an inquisitor nor a police agent, and, as he was not inclined to probe very keenly, I stated no more than was absolutely indispensable."

"Fervent and extravagant was the officer's praise of my courage, resolution, and skill."

"I must make Wellington acquainted with your wonderful achievements," he said, in conclusion.

"You can do herein as you think proper," was my answer.

"My comrades now came once more on the scene which they had quitted—not assuredly from any excess of courage. The stamp of the coward was upon them, and they would have had some difficulty in escaping the coward's doom if their services had not been urgently needed. The firing began again, for again the French advanced, but they encountered a fresh check; for I had given each of the guns a good bellyful of grapeshot. A very sour taste, indeed, had the grapes which I now made the French swallow. But who knows what the upshot would have been if the Prussians had not arrived?"

"By the aid of the Prussians we buried the French from the field, and the battle was won. One more I went to Paris, and once more to England. With much eagerness and impatience I waited to receive the reward of my valiant bravery. But I waited in vain. I suppose there must have been some whisper about the two-shillings' worth of rum. At all events I was dismissed very coolly—almost contemptuously—without either praise or money. If I had got the money, I could have dispensed with the praise. When I came home, I found that our old elector had retired to his dominions. I had again to be a soldier, and, like my comrades, I wore a false pigtail, not having a natural one. On leaving the army I was appointed commandant of the wine in our village. This is in truth a military office, Herr Amtmann, but I cannot accuse the abominable brutes to obedience. They disobey orders in the most insolent manner—and I sometimes console myself with a drop of schnapps, especially since my sergeant-major, my good dog, was shot dead for interfering too freely his taste for the chase. With my dog's recreation I was not disposed to interfere, deeming them harmless, but the foolish blockhead of a gamekeeper was of a different opinion."

The Amtmann laughed.

"But, Herr Amtmann," continued the brave artilleryman; "why have you come to question me?"

"Do not be alarmed," answered the Amtmann; "the conscience of the English has begun to prick them. They either know nothing about the rum, or have forgotten your fondness for schnapps. You are now to receive the reward of your valor."

The face of Herr Hundsfott Sandistel grew bright and glad.

"But you must tell them nothing about the rum, Herr Amtmann," cried the swine-herd, with sudden alarm.

The Amtmann promised to be silent.

Fortwith he made his report about the discovery of the hero, abstaining from all allusion to the rum. In a short time the Waterloo gold medal and a large sum of money were presented to the Military Guardian of the Swine.

Doubtless, as was natural, Herr Sandistel, aided by good rum, often recalled with glee and gratitude the famous battle, in which, with no small benefit to himself he had so conspicuously figured.

Perchance sometimes, infinitely more notable men than the Hessian swineherd have deserved still less, even than he, the recompenses showered on them for apparent heroism.

WHAT A MESS.—When the man who first nominated Gen. Grant goes to Washington after office, we hope he will meet with a better reception than did the man who nominated Lincoln. "Mr. Lincoln," said that unfortunate individual, "my dear friend, one moment in private!" Then drawing the President aside, he whispered in his ear these startling words: "Sir, I was the first man to nominate you for the Presidency!" "Were you?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, starting back with indignation. "Well, sir, see what a mess you have got me into."

## THE RED COURT FARM.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "HEART LYNN," "ROLAND TORRIS, OR DONE IN PASSION," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

LADIES DISPUTING.

The next matter to be discussed was the marriage of Isaac. It was not done immediately. As the reader may have surmised, the sole cause for his keeping it secret at all had its rise in the smuggling. So long as they ran cargoes into the vanities of the Red Court Farm, so long did Mr. Thornycroft lay an embargo, or wish to lay it, on his sons marrying. The secret might be no longer safe, he said, if one of them took a wife.

With the departure of Richard the smuggling would end. Without him, Mr. Thornycroft would not care to carry it on; and Isaac felt that he could never join in it again, after what it had done for Cyril. There was no need: Mr. Thornycroft's wealth was ample. But some weeks went on before Isaac considered himself at liberty to speak.

For the fact was this: Richard Thornycroft, on his departure had extracted a promise from Isaac not to disclose particulars until they should hear from him. Isaac gave it readily, supposing he would write before embarking. But the days and the weeks went on, and no letter came: Isaac was at a nonplus, and felt half convinced, in his own mind, that Richard had repented of his determination to absent himself, and would be coming back to Coastdown. With the disclosure of his marriage to the justice, Isaac wished to add another disclosure—that he had done with the smuggling for ever; but a fear was upon him that this might lead to a full revelation of the past; and, for Richard's sake, until news should come that he was safe away, Isaac delayed and delayed. His inclination would have been less willing to do this, but for one thing, and that was, that he could not have his wife with him just yet. Mrs. Sam Copp, poor meek Amy, had been seized with a long and dangerous illness. Anna was in close attendance upon her; Mrs. Copp stayed to dominate and superintend; and until she should be better Anna could not leave. Thus the time had gone on, and accident brought about what intention had not.

May was in, and quickly passing. Pretty nearly two months had elapsed since Richard's exit. One bright afternoon when Amy was well enough to sit up at her bedroom window, open to the balmy heath and the sweet breeze from the sparkling sea, Sarah came up and said Mr. Isaac Thornycroft was below. Anna sat with her; the captain and his mother were out.

"May I go down?" asked Anna, with a bright blush.

"I suppose you must, dear," answered Mrs. Sam Copp, with a sigh, given to the long continued concealment that ever haunted her.

Away went Anna, flying first of all up to her own room to smooth her hair, to see that her pretty muslin dress with its lilac ribbons looked nice. Isaac, under present circumstances, was far more like a lover than a husband; scarcely ever did they see each other alone for an instant. This took her about two minutes, and she went softly down stairs and opened the parlor door.

Isaac was seated with his back to it, on this side the window. Anna, her face in a glow with the freedom of what she was about to do, stepped up, put her hands round his neck from the back, and kissed his hair—kissed it again and again.

"Hullo!" roared out a stern voice.

Away she shrunk, with a startled scream. At the back of the room, having thrown himself on the sofa, tired with his walk, was Captain Copp, his mother beside him. The two minutes had been sufficient time for them to enter. The captain had not felt so confounded since the night of the apparition, and Mrs. Copp's eyes were perfectly round with a broad stare.

"You shameless hussy!" cried the gallant captain, flinging his tongue as he advanced.

"What on earth—"

But Isaac had risen, risen, and was taking Anna to his side, holding her up, standing still with calm composure.

"It is all right, Captain Copp. Pardon me. Anna is my wife."

"Your—what?" roared the captain, really not hearing in his flurry.

"Anna has been my wife since last November. And I hope," Isaac added, with a quiet laugh, partly of vexation, partly of amusement, "that you will give me credit for self-sacrifice and infinite patience in letting her remain here."

Anna, crying silently in her distress and shame, had turned to him, and was hiding her face on his arm. A minute or two sufficed for the explanation Isaac gave. Its truth could not be doubted, and he finished by calling her a little goose, and bidding her look up. Captain Copp felt uncertain whether to storm or to take it quietly. Meanwhile, he sat down rather humbly, and joined Mrs. Copp in staring.

"A great one week; a private marriage the next!" I say, mother, I wish I was among the pirates again!"

This discovery decided the question in Isaac's mind, and he went straight to the Red Court to seek a private interview with his father. But he told only of the marriage; leaving other matters to the future. Rather to his surprise, it was well received: Mr. Thornycroft did not say a harsh word.

"Be it so, Isaac. Of business I am thinking we shall do no more. And if I am to be deprived of two of my sons—as appears only too probable—it is well that the third should marry. As to Anna, she is a sweet girl, and I've nothing to say against her, except her want of money. I suppose you considered that you will passas enough for both."

"We shall have enough for comfort, sir."

"And for something else. Go and bring her home here at once, Isaac."

But to this, upon consideration, was raised a decided objection at Captain Copp's. What would the gossip say? Isaac thought of a better plan. He wanted to run up to London for a few days, and would take his wife with him. After their departure, Sarah might be told, who would be safe to go abroad at once and spread the news everywhere: that Miss Chester, under the sanction of her mistress, the captain's wife, had been married in the winter to Isaac Thornycroft. Mrs. Copp, whose visit had grown to unconscionable length, announced her intention of proceeding with them to London. The captain's wife was quite sufficiently re-

covered to be left: to use her own glad words, she should "get all well one way," now that the secret was told. So it was arranged, and the captain himself escorted them to Jutpoint.

A gathering at Mrs. Macpherson's. On the day after the arrival in London, that lady had met the three in the crowd at the Royal Academy, and invited them at once to her house in the evening. Isaac, who had seen her once or twice before, introduced Mrs. Copp, and whispered the fact that Anna was no longer Miss Chester, but Mrs. Isaac Thornycroft.

"You'll come early, mind," cried the hospitable wife of the professor. "It's just an ordinary tea-drinking, which is one of the few good things that if the world means to let die out, I don't; but there'll be some cold meat with it, if anybody happens to be hungry. The Miss Jappes are coming, and they dine early. Tell your wife, Mr. Thornycroft—bless her sweet face! there's no one to match it in all them frames—that I'll get in some wedding cake."

Isaac laughed. The jostling masses had left him behind with Mrs. Macpherson, who was dressed so intensely high in the fashion, that he rather winced at the glasses directed to them. However, they accepted the invitation, and went to Mrs. Macpherson's in the evening.

Miss Jupp had arrived before them; her sisters were unable to come. She was looking a little more worn than usual, until aroused by the news relating to Anna. Married! and Miss Jupp had been counting the days, as it were, until she should return to them, for they could not get another teacher like her for patience and work.

Ah, yes: Anna's teaching days were over; her star had brightened. As she sat there in her gleaming silk of pearl-gray, in the golden bracelets, Isaac's gift, with the rose blush on her cheeks, the light of love in her sweet eyes, Mary Jupp saw that she had found her true sphere.

"But, my dear child, why should it have been done in secret?" she whispered.

"There were family reasons," answered Anna. "I cannot tell you now."

"Since last November! Dear me! And was the marriage really not known to any one? It was quite a secret?"

"Not quite. One of Isaac's brothers was present in the church to give me away, and Captain Copp's wife knew of it."

"Ah, then you are not to be blamed; I am glad to hear that," sighed Mary Jupp.

"And now tell me, how is my dear Miss Thornycroft?" cried Mrs. Macpherson, as the good professor, in his threadbare coat (rather worse than usual) bequeathed Isaac away to his laboratory. "I declare I have not yet asked after her."

Had Mrs. Macpherson been strictly candid, she might have acknowledged to having purposely abstained from asking before Isaac. The fact of the young lady's having got intimate with Robert Hunter at Aer house, and of its being an acquaintance not likely, as she judged, to be acceptable to the Thornycrofts, had rather lain on her mind.

"She looks wretched," answered Mrs. Copp.

"Wretched?"

"She has fretted all the flesh off her bones. You might draw her through the eye of a needle."

"My patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Macpherson. "The professor'll be sorry to hear this. What on earth has she fretted over?"

"That horrible business about Robert Hunter," exclaimed Mrs. Copp. "The justice has not looked like himself since; and never will again."

"Oh," returned the professor's lady in a subdued tone, feeling suddenly crestfallen. Conscience whispered that this could only apply to the matter she was thinking of, and that the attachment had arisen through her own imprudence in allowing them to meet. She supposed (so she used the expressive words passing through her thoughts) that there had been a blow-up.

"It wasn't no fault of mine," she said, after a pause. "Who was to suspect they were going to fall in love with each other in that foolish fashion? She a school-girl, and he an old widower! A couple of spoonies! Other folks as well as us might have been thrown off their guard."

Since Mrs. Macpherson had mixed in refined society she had learnt to speak tolerably well at collected times and seasons. But when hurried her new ideas and associations forsook her, and she was sure to lapse back to the speech of old days.

"Then there was an attachment between him and Mary Anne Thornycroft?" exclaimed Mrs. Copp, in a tone of triumph. "Didn't I tell you so, Anna? You need not have been so close about it."

"I do not know that there was," replied Anna. "Mary Anne never spoke of it to me."

"Rubbish to speaking of it," said Mrs. Copp. "You didn't speak about you and Mr. Isaac." Anna bent her head in silence.

"And was there a blow-up with her folks?" inquired Mrs. Macpherson, not quite courageously yet. "Miss Jupp! you remember—I come right off to you with my suspicions at the first moment I had 'em—which was only a day or so before she went home."

"I don't know about that; there might have been or there might not," replied Mrs. Copp, alluding to the question of the blow-up. "But I have got my eyes about me, and I can see how she grieved after him. Why, if there had been nothing between them, why did she put on mourning?" demanded the captain's mother, looking at the assembled company one by one.

"She put it on for Lady Ellis," said Anna.

"Oh, did she, though! Sarah told me that that mourning was on her back before ever Lady Ellis died. I tell you, I tell you also, ladies, she put on the black for Robert Hunter."

"Who put on black for him?" questioned Mrs. Macpherson, in a puzzle.

"Mary Anne Thornycroft."

"I never heard of such a thing! What did she do that for?"

"Why do girls do foolish things?" returned Mrs. Copp. "To show her respect for him, I suppose."

"A funny way of showing it!" cried Mrs. Macpherson. "Robert Hunter is doing very well where he's gone."

Mrs. Copp turned her eyes on the professor's wife with a prolonged stare.

"It is to be hoped he is, ma'am," she retorted, emphatically.

"He is doing so well that his coming back and marrying her wouldn't surprise me in the least. The Thornycrofts won't have no need to set up their backs again if he can show he is in the way of making his fortune."



"Why, who are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Copp, after a pause and another gaze. "Of Robert Hunter. He has gone and left us. Perhaps you did not know it, ma'am?"

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Copp, with increased emphasis. "Coastdown has too good cause to know it, unfortunately."

"The remark caused Mrs. Macpherson to become meek again."

"I had a note from him this week," she observed. "It came in a letter to the professor: he sent it me up from his laboratory."

"The corners of Anna's mouth were gradually lengthening, almost—she could not help the feeling—in a sort of fear. It must be remembered that she knew nothing of the fact that it was not Robert Hunter who had died."

"Perhaps you'll repeat that again, ma'am," said Mrs. Copp, eyeing Mrs. Macpherson in her sternest manner. "You had a note from him, Robert Hunter?"

"Yes, I had, ma'am. Wrote by himself. 'Where was it written from?'"

Mrs. Macpherson hesitated, conscious of her defects in the science of locality. "The professor would know," she said; "I am not much of a geographer myself. Anyway it comes from where he is, somewhere over in 't'other hemisphere."

To a lady of Mrs. Copp's extensive travels round the world a dozen times and back again, the words "over in 't'other hemisphere," taken in conjunction with Robert Hunter's known death and burial, conveyed the idea that the celestial hemisphere, and not the terrestrial, was alluded to. She became convinced of one of two things: that the speaker before her was awfully profane, or else mad.

"I know the letters were six weeks reaching us," continued Mrs. Macpherson. "I suppose it would take about that time to get here from the place."

Mrs. Copp pushed her chair back in a heat. "This is the first time I ever came out to drink tea with the insane, and I hope it will be the last," she cried, speaking without reserve, according to her custom. "Ma'am, if you are not a model of profanity, you ought to be in Bedlam."

Mrs. Macpherson wiped her hot face and took out her fan. But she could give as well as take. "It's what I have been thinking of you, ma'am. Do you think you are quite right?"

"I right!" screamed Mrs. Copp in a fury. "What do you mean?"—come!—about me?"

"That's plain. I never yet heard of a man, who is dead and gone, writing back letters to his friends. Who brings them? How do they come? Do they drop from the skies or come up through the graves?"

"Lawk a mercy!" cried Mrs. Macpherson, not catching the full import of the puzzling questions. "They come through the post."

Mrs. Copp was momentarily silenced. The answer was entirely practical: it was not given to anger; nor, as she confessed to herself, with any indication of insanity. Light dawned upon her mind.

"It's the spirits!" she exclaimed, coming to a sudden conviction. "Well! Before I'd go in for that fashionable rubbish! A woman of any pretension to sense believe in them?"

"Hang the spirits!" returned Mrs. Macpherson, with offended emphasis. "I'm not quite such a fool as that. You should hear what the professor says of them. Leastways, not of the spirits, poor innocent things, which is all delusion, but of them there rapping mediums that make believe to call 'em up."

"Then, ma'am, if it's not the spirits you allude to as bringing the letters, perhaps you'll explain to me what does bring them."

"What should bring them but the post?" Mrs. Copp was getting angry. "The post does not bring letters from dead men."

"I never said it did. Robert Hunter's not dead."

"Robert Hunter is," cried Mrs. Macpherson, fanning herself. "Well, I'm sure!" cried Mrs. Macpherson, fanning herself.

"Robert Hunter died last January," persisted Mrs. Copp, in excitement. "His unfortunate body lies under the sod in Coastdown churchyard, and his poor restless spirit hovers above it, frightening the people into fits. My son Sam saw it. Isaac Thornycroft saw it."

"Robert Hunter is not dead," fired Mrs. Macpherson, who came to the conclusion that she was being purposely deceived; "he is gone to the East to make a railroad. Not that I quite know where the East is," acknowledged she, "or how it stands from this. I tell you, I got a letter from him, and it was sent about six weeks ago."

"If that lady is not mad, I never was so insulted before," cried Mrs. Copp. "I—"

"There must be some mistake," interposed Mary Jupp, who had listened in great surprise. Of herself she could not solve the questions, and knew nothing of the movements of Mr. Hunter. But she thought if he were dead, that she should have heard of it from his sister Susan. "Perhaps it only requires a word of explanation."

"I don't know what explanation it can require," retorted Mrs. Copp. "The man is dead and buried."

"The man is not," contended Mrs. Macpherson; "he is alive and kicking, and laying down a railroad."

"My son, Captain Copp, was a mourner at his funeral."

"He wrote me a letter six weeks ago, and he wrote one to the professor; and he said he was getting on like a house on fire," doggedly asserted the professor's wife.

"Stay, stay, I pray you," interposed Miss Jupp. "There must be some misunderstanding. You cannot be speaking of the same man."

"We are!" raved both the ladies, losing temper. "It is Robert Hunter, the engineer, who met Mary Anne Thornycroft at my house; and the two—as I suspected—fell in love with each other, which made me very mad."

"And came down to see her at Coastdown, and Susan Hunter was to have come with him, and didn't. Of course we are speaking of the same."

"And I say that he came back from that visit safe and sound, and was in London till April, when he went abroad," screamed Mrs. Macpherson. "He died here with us the Sunday before he was off; we had a lovely piece of the belly of a salmon, and a quarter of a lamb, and spring cabbage, and rhubarb tart, and custards, and a bottle of champagne, that we might drink success to his journey. Very down-hearted he seemed, I suppose at the thought of going away; and the next day he started. There! Ask

the professor, ma'am; and contradict it if you can."

"I won't contradict it," said Mrs. Copp; "I might set on and swear if I did, like my son Sam. You'll persuade me next there's nothing real in the world. Anna Chester—that is, Anna Thornycroft—do you tell what you know. Perhaps they'll hear you."

"Oh, I'll bear the young lady," said Mrs. Macpherson, fanning herself violently; "but nobody can't persuade me that black's white."

Anna quietly related facts, so far as her knowledge extended: Robert Hunter had come to Coastdown, had paid his visit to the Red Court Farm, and on the very night he was to have left for London, he was shot as he stood at the edge of the cliffs, fell over, and was not found until the morning—dead!

Her calm manner, impressive in its truth, her minute relation of particulars, her unqualified assertion that it was Robert Hunter, and could have been no one else, staggered Mrs. Macpherson.

"And he was shot down dead, you say?" cried that lady, dropping the fan, and opening her mouth very wide.

"He must have died at the moment he was shot. It was not discovered"—here her voice faltered a little—"who shot him? and the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or person unknown."

"Was there an inquest?" demanded the astonished Mrs. Macpherson, "on Robert Hunter?"

"Certainly there was. He was buried subsequently in Coastdown churchyard. His grave lies in the east corner of it, near Mrs. Thornycroft's."

"Now you have not told all the truth, Anna," burst forth Mrs. Copp, who had been restraining herself with difficulty. "You are always shuffling out of that part of the story when you can. Why don't you say that you and Miss Thornycroft saw him murdered? Tell it as you had to tell it before the coroner."

"It is true," acknowledged Anna. "And Miss Thornycroft put on mourning for him, making believe it was for Lady Ellis, who died close upon it," cried Mrs. Copp, too impatient to allow Anna to continue.

"And the worst is, that he can't rest in his grave, poor fellow, but hovers about it night after night, so that Coastdown dare not go by the churchyard, and the folks have made a way right across the heath to avoid it, breaking through two hedges and a stone fence that belongs to Lord What's-his-name—who's safe, it's said, to indict the parish for trespass. Scores of folks saw the ghost. Anna saw it. My son Sam saw it, and he's not one to be taken in by a ghost; though he did think once he saw a mermaid, and will die, poor fellow, in the belief. Robert Hunter not dead, indeed! He was barbarously murdered, ma'am."

"It is the most astounding tale I ever heard," cried the bewildered Mrs. Macpherson. "What was the ghost like?"

"Like himself, ma'am. Perhaps you knew a coat he had? An ugly white thing garnished with black fur?"

"I had only too good cause to know it!" shrieked out Mrs. Macpherson, aroused at the mention. "That blessed professor of mine bought it and gave it him; was took in to buy it. He's the greatest duffer in everyday life that ever stood upright."

"Then it always appeared in that coat. For that was what he had on when he was murdered."

"Well, I never! I shall think we are in the world of departed spirits next. This beats table-rappings. Why, he brought that very coat on his arm when he came on the Sunday to dine with us! The nights were cold again."

"And the real veritable coat has been lying ever since at the public-house where he was carried to. It's there now, stiff in its folds," eagerly asserted Mrs. Copp. "Ma'am, what you say at your house must have been a vision—himself and the coat too."

Mrs. Macpherson began to doubt her own identity. The second coat never crossed her mind. It happened that she had not looked into the lumber closet after it, and could have been upon her oath, if asked, that it was there still. Her hot face assumed a strange look of dubious bewilderment.

"It never surely could have been his ghost that came here and dined with us!" debated she. "Ghosts don't eat salmon and drink champagne."

"I don't know what they might do if put to it," cried Mrs. Copp, sharply. "One thing you may rely upon, man—that it was not himself."

"The professor doesn't believe in ghosts. He says there is no such thing. I'm free to confess that I've never seen any."

"Neither did I believe before this," said Mrs. Copp. "But one has to bend to the evidence of one's senses."

How the argument would have ended, and what they might have brought it to, cannot be divined. Miss Jupp had sat in simple astonishment. That Robert Hunter had died and been buried at Coastdown in January, and that Robert Hunter had dined in that very house in April, appeared absolutely indisputable. It was certainly far more marvellous than any feat yet accomplished by the "spirits." But Isaac Thornycroft solved it.

He came in alone, saying the professor was staying behind to finish some experiment. Upon which the professor's wife went to see, for she did not approve of experiments when there was company to entertain. Mrs. Copp immediately began to recount what had passed, making comments of her own.

"I have come across many a bum-bust woman in my day, Mr. Isaac, and I thought they capped the world for impudent obstinacy, for they'll call black white to the face of a whole crew. But Mrs. Mac beats 'em. Perhaps you will add your testimony to mine—that Robert Hunter is dead and buried. Miss Jupp here is not knowing what to think or believe."

Isaac Thornycroft hesitated. He went and stood on the heart-rung in his black clothes. His face was grave; his manner betrayed some agitation.

"Mrs. Copp, will you pardon me if I ask you generously to dismiss that topic; at least for to-night?"

"What on earth for?" was the answer of Mrs. Copp.

"The subject was, and is, and always will be productive of the utmost pain to my family. We should be thankful to let all remembrance of it die out of men's minds."

"Now I tell you what it is, Mr. Isaac: you are thinking of your brother Cyril. Of course as long as he stays away, he'll be suspected of the murder, but I've not said so."

"Be silent, I pray you," interrupted Isaac, in a tone of sharp pain. "Hear me, while I clear your mind from any suspicion of that kind. By all my hope of heaven—by all our hope," he added, lifting solemnly his right hand, "my brother Cyril was innocent."

"Well, we'll let that pass," said Mrs. Copp, with a sniff. "Many a pistol has gone off by accident before now, and small blame to the owners of it. Perhaps you'll be good enough to bear me out to Miss Jupp that Robert Hunter was shot dead."

Isaac paced the room. Mrs. Macpherson had come in and was listening; the professor halted at the door. Better satisfy them once for all, or there could be no end to it.

"It came to our knowledge afterwards—long afterwards—that it was not Robert Hunter," said Isaac, with slow distinctness. "The mistake arose from the fact of not having been recognisable. Hunter is alive and well."

"The saint preserve us!" cried Mrs. Copp in her discomfiture. "Then why did his ghost appear?"

A momentary smile flitted across the face of Isaac.

"I suppose—in point of fact—it was not his ghost, Mrs. Copp."

Mrs. Copp's senses were three-parts lost in wonder at the turn things were taking.

"Who then, was shot down? A stranger?"

Isaac raised his handkerchief to his face. "I dare say it will be known some time. At present it is enough for us that it was not Robert Hunter."

"I know a ghost could never eat salmon!" said Mrs. Macpherson, in a glow of triumph.

"But what about the coat?" burst forth Mrs. Copp, as that portion of the mystery loomed into her recollection. "If that is lying unuseful in the stables at the Mermad, Robert Hunter could not have brought it with him when he came here to dinner."

Clearly, and the ladies looked one at another, half inclined to plunge into war again. The meek professor, possibly afraid of it, spoke up in his mild way from behind, where he had stood and listened in silence.

"Mr. Hunter's coat was to have been sent after him from Coastdown; but it did not come, and I gave him mine. He supposed it must have been lost on the road."

It was the professor's wife's turn now. She could not believe her ears. Give away the other coat—when visions had crossed her mind of having that respectable fur taken off and decent buttons put on, for his wear the following winter when he went off to the country on his sabbatical!

"Professor! do you mean to tell me to my face that that coat is not in the lumber-closet up stairs where I put it?"

"Well, my dear, I fear you'd not find it there."

Away went Mrs. Macpherson to the closet, and away went the rest in her wake, anxious to see the drama played out. Isaac Thornycroft alone did not stir; and his wife came back to him. Her face was white and cold, as though she had received a shock.

"Isaac! Isaac! this is frightening me. May I say what I fear?"

He put his hands upon her shoulders and gazed into her eyes as she stood before him, his own full of kindness and of mourning.

"Say as little as you can, my darling. I can't bear much to-night."

"Cyril! It was—"

"Oh, Cyril! Cyril! could he not be saved?"

His faint cry of anguish echoed here, as he bent his aching brow momentarily upon her shoulder.

"I would have given my own life to save him, Anna. I would give it still to save another the remorse and pain that lie upon him. He put on Hunter's coat that night, the other not wanting it, and was mistaken for him."

"I understand," she murmured. "Oh, what a remorse it must be!"

"Now you know all; but it is for your ear alone," he said, standing before her again and speaking impressively. "From henceforth let it be to us a barred subject, the only one that my dear wife may not mention to me."

She looked an assent from her loving eyes, and sat down again as the company came trooping in. Mrs. Macpherson openly demanding of her husband how long it would be before he learnt common sense, and why he did not cut off his head and give that away.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

DISCLOSING IT TO JUSTICE THORNYCROFT.

Back at Coastdown, Isaac and his wife were staying at the Red Court. Mr. Thornycroft wished them to remain at it altogether; but Isaac doubted. If his sister were to marry, why then he would heartily accede; and Anna could take up her position as its mistress—in anticipation of the period when she would legally be entitled to it. At present he thought it would be better for them to rent a small house near.

Mary Anne had received the news of the marriage with equanimity—not to say apathy. In the dreadful calamities that had overwhelmed her, petty troubles were lost. Cordially indeed did she welcome her brother and his wife home, and hoped they would remain. To be alone there was, as she truly told them, miserable.

A ship letter had been received from Richard, written when he was nearly half way on his voyage. It appeared that he had written on embarking just a word to tell the name of his ship, and whither it was bound, and had sent it on shore by the pilot. Isaac could only suppose that the man had forgotten to post it.

His destination was New Zealand. Some people whom he knew had settled there, he said, and he intended to join them. He should purchase some land and farm it; but he would never again set foot on European soil. He supposed he should get on; and he hoped in time some sort of peace would return to him.

"I would advise your telling my father the whole, if you have not already done so," the letter concluded. "It is right that he should know the truth about Cyril, and that I shall never come home again. Tell him that the remorse lies very heavily upon me; that I would have given my own life ten times over—given it cheerfully—to save my brother's. Had it been any one but a brother, I should not feel it so deeply. I think of myself always as a second Cain. I will write you again when we arrive. Meanwhile, address to me at the post-office, Canterbury. I suppose you will not object to correspond with me. Perhaps my father will write. Tell him I should like it."

Before the arrival of this letter to Isaac, he had been consulting with his sister about the expediency of enlightening their father. His own opinion entirely coincided with Richard's—that it ought to be done. Mr. Thornycroft was in a state of doubt about Cyril; and also as to the duration of Richard's exile, and restlessly curious always in regard to what had led to it.

One balmy June day, when the crop of hay was being got in, Isaac told his father. They were leaning upon a gate in the four-acre mead, watching the haymakers, who were piling the hay into cocks at the farther end of the field.

Mr. Thornycroft was like a man stunned. "Hunter not dead! Cyril lying there, and not Hunter! It can't be, Isaac!"

Isaac repeated the facts again, and then went into details. He concluded by showing Richard's last letter.

"Poor Dick! Poor Dick!" cried the justice, melted to compassion. "Yes, as you say, Isaac, Cyril is in a happier place than this—gone to his rest. And Dick sent him there in cruelty. I think I'll go in if you'll give me your arm."

Wonderingly Isaac obeyed. Never had the strong, upright Justice Thornycroft sought or needed support from any one. The news must have shaken him terribly. Isaac went with him across the fields, and saw him shut himself in his room.

"Have you been telling him?" whispered Mary Anne.

"Yes."

"And how has he borne it? Why did he lean upon you in coming in?"

"He seemed to bear it exceedingly well. But it must have had a far deeper effect upon him than I thought, or he would not have asked for my arm."

Mary Anne Thornycroft sighed. A little pain, more or less, seemed to her as nothing.

On the following morning Mr. Thornycroft sent for his son. Isaac found him seated before his portable desk; some papers upon it. The crisis of affairs had prompted the justice to disclose certain facts to his children, that otherwise never might have been disclosed. Richard Thornycroft was not his own son, though he had been treated as such. Isaac listened in utter amazement. Of all the strange things that had lately fallen upon them, this appeared to him to be the strangest.

"I have been writing to Richard," said Mr. Thornycroft, "up some closely-written pages. 'You can read it; it will save me going over the details to you.'"

Isaac took the letter, and read it through. But his senses were confused, and it was not very clear to him.

"It seems that I cannot understand it now, sir."

"Not understand it?" repeated the justice, with a touch of his old heat. "It is plain enough to be understood. When my father died, he left this place, the Red Court Farm, to my elder brother, your Uncle Richard—whom you never knew. A short while afterwards, Richard met with an accident in France, and I went over with my wife, to whom I was just married. We found him also with a wife, which surprised me, for he had never said anything of it; she was a pretty little Frenchwoman; and their child, a boy, was a year old. Richard, poor fellow, was dying, and of course I thought my chance of inheriting the Red Court was gone—that he would naturally leave it to his little son. But he took an opportunity of telling me that he had left it to me; the only proviso attached to it being that I should bring up the boy as my son. He talked with me further: things that I cannot go into now; and I promised. That is how the Red Court came to me."

"But why should he have done this, sir?" interrupted Isaac, who liked justice better than wrong. "The little boy had a right to it."

"No," said Mr. Thornycroft, quietly. "Richard had not married his mother."

Isaac saw now. There was a pause.

"He said if time could come over again he would have married her, or else not have taken her. He was dying, you see, Isaac, and right and wrong array themselves in very distinct colors then. Anyway, it was too late now, whatever his repentance; and he prayed me and my wife to take the boy and not let it be known, for the child's own sake, that he was not ours. We both promised; at a moment like that, one could not foresee inconveniences that might arise later, and it almost seemed as if we owed the compliance, in gratitude for the bequest of the Red Court Farm. He died, and we brought the boy with us to London."

He who had been looked upon as your brother Richard. When people here used to say that he was more like his Uncle Richard than his father Harry, my wife would glance at me with a smile.

"And his mother?"

"She died in France, shortly afterwards. She had parted with the boy readily—glad to find he would have so good a home. And she lived, the probabilities are that she secret could not have been kept."

"Did you intend to keep it always, father?"

"Until my death. Every year as they went on, gave less chance of our disclosing it. When you were all little, my wife and I had many a serious consultation; for the future seemed to be open to some difficulty; but we loved the boy, and neither of us had courage to say, 'He is not ours; he has no legitimate inheritance. Besides, as your mother would say to me, there was always our promise. It must have been disclosed at my death, at least to Richard, to explain why you, and not he, came into the Red Court.'"

"Perhaps his father, my Uncle Richard, expected it would be left to him?"

"No, Isaac. We talked of that. Only in the event of my having no children of my own would the property have become his. Richard will take his share as one of my younger children. You are the eldest. I shall at once settle this money upon him; you have read to that effect in the letter; so that he will have enough for comfort whatever part of the world he may choose to remain in."

Isaac mechanically cast his eyes on the letter, still in his hand.

"I have disclosed these facts to him now for his own comfort," resumed Mr. Thornycroft. "It may bring him a ray of it to find Cyril was not his brother."

Isaac thought it would. He folded the letter and returned it to his father.

"There is one thing I wished to ask you, sir, and I may as well ask it now. You do not, I presume, think of running more cargoes?"

"Never again," said Mr. Thornycroft.

"Richard was the right hand of it, and he is gone. That's over forever. But for him

it would have been given up before. And there's a Kyne besides."

Isaac nodded, glad to have the matter out at rest.

"May I tell Mary Anne what you have disclosed to me?"

"Yes, but no one else. She may be glad to hear Richard is not her brother."

"How glad, the justice little thought. It seemed to Mary Anne as if this news removed the embargo she had self-imposed upon her marriage with Robert Hunter. Perhaps she had already begun to question the necessity of it—to think it a very utopian, severe decision. In the revulsion of feeling that came over her, she laid her head down on Isaac's shoulder with a burst of tears, and told him all. Isaac smiled.

"You must tell him that you have repented, Mary Anne."

"He will not be back for five years."

"He will be back in less than five months; perhaps in five weeks."

She sat upright, staring at him.

"Isaac?"

"He will, indeed. Anna had a letter from him yesterday. It came to Miss Jupp's, addressed to 'Miss Chester.' Business matters are bringing him home for a short while; personal things, he says, that only himself can do. I wonder if he wrote to her in the hope that the information would penetrate to Coastdown?"

She sat in silence, her color going and coming, rather shrinking from the merriment in Isaac's eyes. Oh, would it be so?—would it be so?

"In that case—I mean, should circumstances bring him again to the Red Court Farm—we shall have to disclose publicly the truth about Cyril, Mary Anne. As well that it should be so, and then a tombstone can be put. But it can wait yet."

As she sat there, looking out on the sparkling sea, a prevision came over her that this happiness might really come to her at last, and a sobbing sigh of thankfulness went up to heaven.

Coastdown went on in its ordinary quiet routine. The mysteries of the Red Court Farm were at an end, never again to be enacted. Long and perseveringly did Mr. Superintendent Kyne look out for the smugglers; many and many a night did he exercise his eyes and his patience on the edge of that bleak plateau; but they came no more. Old Mr. Thornycroft, deprived, he hardly knew how, of his sons, lived on at the Red Court, feeling at times a vacancy of pursuit; he had loved adventure, and his occupation was gone. But the land got a better chance of being tilled to perfection now than it had ever been.

Meanwhile the whole neighborhood remained under a clear and immutable persuasion that the ghost still "walked" in the churchyard. The new right of road had come to a hot dispute; but Coastdown persisted in using it after nightfall, to avoid the graves and their ominous visitor. While Captain Copp, taking his glass in the parlor at the Mermad, did not fail to decant upon the marvels of that night, when he and that woman-servant of his, who (he would add in a parenthesis) was undoubtedly enough for a she-pirate, saw with their own eyes the spirit of Robert Hunter. And then the parlor would fall into a discussion of the love of roving inherent in the young Thornycrofts—Cyril lingering away still, Richard also—perhaps gone to look after him; and speculate upon how long it would be before they returned, and the glorious dinners were resumed at the Red Court Farm.

THE END.

#### PEN'S LOVE AFFAIR: AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

"I tell you what 'tis, Pen, you're just fallen in luck's way—that's where it is."

I had spent the evening with him; we had supped. Fenel Crowsley, my old school-fellow, the under-teacher in the school, without a shilling's-worth of brains, or sense—worth of expectations, had, somehow or other, managed to make a good match a year ago, on the strength of which he had just taken the Manor-house in our little village of Copesford, and settled down in dignified ease as a country "squire," with a four-wheeler of his own; whilst I, who used to write half his exercises for him, was still working hard for a living, and trudging it on foot. I didn't grudge him his prosperity, but I wanted him at least to admit that it came through no effort of his own—that it was, in fact, nothing but luck.

"Luck!" cried Crowsley, a little contemptuously. "I thought—'luck! do you say? Look you here, my good fellow, my luck is just this: it is all my eye—that's what my luck is."

"Nonsense," I retorted. "Do you mean to tell me that you've worked for the money you spend in paying for



"This is my luck," he said, when he had inserted his eye again. "It is my eye—all my eye—and nothing else. If you want to know how, just light up another Manila, and listen."

"But which is the artificial eye?" I asked, for I declare I could not tell as I looked at him.

"Left," said Pen, tapping it affectionately. "Tim's bad, eh? There are only three people know it beside yourself—namely, the optician, my father-in-law, and my wife, so I've kept my secret pretty well; and you need not go and tell everybody about Copeford that the new squire has a game eye! Two penny-worth of gunpowder did it, at school, after you left, so it's no wonder you didn't know. I had loaded a small brass cannon which wouldn't fire; and looking down the muzzle to see why it wouldn't go off, the charge went in, and my eye went out. I left school—blown out of it, as it were; and having recovered from the accident, and had my eye replaced with this very artistic piece of china-ware, I went home to Stepmister, to study medicine under my father. My father, although called Dr. Crowsley by courtesy, was not a properly qualified doctor of medicine, he was, strictly speaking, a 'medical man'; but folks in our town were never very particular about what letters a professed surgeon wrote after his name, so long as he could write enough of them. Dr. Crowsley was Medical Inspector to the Local Board of Health (unkind persons called him Inspector of Nuisances), and had little or no private practice. It was his idea that I should keep the loss of my eye a profound secret, because he wished gradually to work me into his own position, for which his failing health was rapidly incapacitating him. He had some notion the Board might fancy a man could not 'inspect' enough for the post with one eye. For my part I should have thought a nose the most needful organ for an inspector of nuisances; and I have found one eye quite enough to see through a Board and all their wooden ways. After a few years, I began to relieve my father of his duties, until, though he still nominally held the position of inspector, the whole of the work was done by me. As it was satisfactorily done, the Board made no difficulty about transferring the appointment to me, on my father's retirement, which only shortly preceded his death. One member of the Board in particular complimented me very highly on my assiduity in the discharge of the duties of the office. 'He is only a young man, sir,' he said, addressing the chairman; 'but he has an eye like a hawk.' He was right. I had an eye. Such was the energy with which I worked to put down nuisances, that the mere mention of my eye was almost sufficient to get them removed. A person whose neighbor kept pigs in his back-yard had simply to say to that neighbor: 'Look out; the inspector has his eye upon you,' and there was really no need for my interference. Such was the beautiful respect and awe in which the townsfolk held my eye. But not one of them knew the singular meaning which attached to being under my eye—not a soul of them knew he was telling the truth by accident.

"Some time before I was appointed inspector, a wealthy old gentleman, by the name of Tredgold, a widower, had settled in Stepmister. Some said he was a retired Liverpool merchant, others that he was a retired London broker. People hardly knew what he was, or where he had come from, or what for. He was not very communicative on these points; but it was agreed that he was rich, and that was indisputable that he had a very pretty only daughter, Laura. He therefore became an object of interest to parents of marriageable young men in Stepmister; whilst Miss Tredgold became a ditto ditto to those young men themselves. The Tredgolds were invited out a good deal. They were not at all proud; they appeared fond of society; they accepted those invitations; and in turn, their hosts became their guests. They were very much liked, I really believe for their own sakes, more than on account of Mr. Tredgold's wealth. Mr. Tredgold was excellent company; he had seen a great deal of the world, could make himself at home in any society, and, what is more, could make every one else feel so too, if not a little too much so at times, for he was somewhat eccentric. As for Laura Tredgold, there could not be two opinions about her; she had the bluest eyes, the prettiest face, and the best fortune of any girl in Stepmister; more, she was known to be good tempered, unassuming, and, in a word, nice.

"Now, although the Tredgolds had been settled for four years in our town, and notwithstanding one after another of the best and most well-to-do of our young gentlemen, young professional men, and young tradesmen had laid continual siege to her heart during that time, Miss Tredgold was still disengaged. She referred all suitors to her father, who professed to be flattered by their attentions, but told each of them, with never-failing affability, 'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future.' This was his continual reply to all applications—he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future; and he never varied a word, but delivered it with equal good-humor and courtesy in every case.

"Stepmister was puzzled as to what those intentions could be. It was demonstrable that Miss Tredgold was not engaged elsewhere. They never received visitors from a distance; and more than one disappointed suitor ascertained, through his servants, from the Tredgolds' servants, that Miss Tredgold was actually free still.

"I became acquainted with the family through my connection with a private musical society for the practice of vocal and instrumental chamber music. The society had been founded very recently by Mr. Tredgold, himself no mean amateur on the double-bass. We met at members' houses alternately, and managed to spend some of the pleasantest evenings I can call to mind in this way. My own part in the performances was chiefly confined to singing tenor. Laura Tredgold played the piano or organ with real nervous feeling, besides which she had a very respectable soprano voice. My great interest in the study and practice of music led Mr. Tredgold to invite me to his house rather frequently, to try over some of Mendelssohn's trios with Laura and himself, until I became a constant visitor, always welcomed to their home and table.

"It went on like this for a good bit, and the trios frequently came down to duets between Miss Tredgold and me, whilst her father would add a double-bass obbligato to her piano accompaniment. At last I grew very miserable. I began to feel that I loved Laura Tredgold, and that my position as a miserable one-eyed inspector of nuisances was an insuperable barrier to telling her so,

and much less her affable old father rapping away at his double-bass in happy unconsciousness of my feelings. I tried to stifle these feelings, and to look upon our acquaintance simply in the light of a musical one. I am afraid the very effort I made to hide them must have in some way betrayed them to Laura, for I became impressed with a growing conviction that she knew what I felt, and that her own inclinations were at least not unfavorable towards me. I noticed, or thought I did, that when I entered the room a faint blush would overpread her cheek—that she would look round and single out mine from among the other faces at the meetings of the musical society, and that having found it, her eyes would stay restfully and satisfied on mine for a moment—her deep lustrous dark eyes—before turning with greater unconcern upon the rest. And when she parted from me of an evening, I remember how she would raise those eyes to mine with a gentle expression that made me dizzy to think about it as I would run out of the house, and reflect on my one-eyedness. Laura had speaking eyes, as folks say. They were not bashful eyes, but mild and gentle; and when I looked into their depths, they seemed to flash back already a favorable answer to what I longed to, yet dared not, ask. That the longer I reflected on the social inequality between my position and hers, the more resolved I became at least to try my fate, and hear at worst my rejection, will be readily understood by the lad who has read his first love-story. It was not so much this—it was my eye. I dared not tell her, lest, if she rejected me, it should get bruited about Stepmister that the Board had a one-eyed inspector. That would be ruin. It was clear to me I must keep this secret locked up in my own eyelid. But suppose I should be married with my glass eye, and never tell my wife? I should be found out. There would be an end to all confidence, for I should be a wretched deceiver; and would it not be obtaining a wife and a fortune under false pretences?

"However, candidly, I only expected rejection of my suit, after the experience of so many more eligible young men than myself. And should I, for this, put my eye in any one's power, and lose my place as inspector? No. I would risk keeping the secret, and know my fate first. I could easily tell her afterwards. Excuse my not dwelling on the terms in which I laid bare the state of my feelings to Laura Tredgold. It is neither here nor there to the story.

"I have loved you, Mr. Crowsley," she said with emotion, "and only you. I have never loved another. Yet I fear I can never be yours. You do not know—not know," she continued, sobbing on my shoulder, "what brought us to Stepmister. No; you don't know. Yet, if you will ask my father, first, for his consent to your suit, and next to tell you what brought us to Stepmister; if his answer to the first is favorable to your desire, and if his answer to the second is satisfactory to your mind, I will be your wife."

"This seemed queer to me. What did I care what brought them to Stepmister? Absolutely nothing.

"Whilst we had been talking—Laura and I—the old gentleman had been upstairs, to rummage out some new trunks for our next practice.

"'Lovely things!' said Mr. Tredgold, patting them affectionately.

"'Could I have a little conversation with you, Mr. Tredgold, in private?'

"'Oh, nonsense! Not now. I know what you've got to say—or I guess. That's all my eye, sir,' he said severely; 'we are going to practice now. Oh, they are lovely things! And he took an enthusiastic rasp at his double-bass. 'We will talk, if you like, after supper, when Laura goes to bed. Now, then—one, two, three.'

"And off we went into chamber music. It was a very constrained affair, after what I knew, and what Laura knew, and what we both judged, I feel sure, that she seemed to know was coming. For three blessed hours we kept this up; then supper came, which I thought never would end. At last, Laura kissed her father, and wishing me good-night, resting her full dark eyes on mine with a new happier meaning in them, retired.

"Well, Mr. Crowsley, the old gentleman began, when he heard Laura's footstep die away up the stairs—well, sir, I expect I know what you have to say. I may as well be candid, and tell you I am not taken by surprise. I have had a good many young men here, and I have observed their attentions to my daughter have naturally resulted in a little conversation with me. I have also watched you, and had no doubt your attentions would result similarly in a few words in private with me. Now, let us have these few words short and to the purpose. You are come to tell me you love my daughter, Laura?"

"This was a most unpromising beginning, certainly. It is very annoying to get the ground cut from under your feet with this bewildering candor.

"I certainly was about to say, sir, that I love your daughter; that I love her truly and disinterestedly; and that in making this confession, I have not an eye to—"

"You have not an eye to?" echoed Mr. Tredgold, emphasizing the "not" in a very unpleasant manner.

"I mean, sir, I am not in the slightest degree influenced by pecuniary considerations, knowing, though I do, that Miss Tredgold's position is very far above mine, from a pecuniary point of view. In fact, a reflection on this very inequality has for a long time prevented my declaring the state of my feelings to Miss Tredgold herself, notwithstanding I had reason to hope that it would be reciprocated on her part."

"Well, sir, I can only say I have other intentions respecting my daughter's future."

"Mr. Tredgold coughed. The very words. It was all over, I thought.

"Than pecuniary ones," the old gentleman added, after a slight pause. "They are a very one-eyed sort of consideration, sir, after all."

"I acquiesced, but I wished he would not allude to partial blindness even in that metaphorical manner.

"But," Mr. Tredgold continued, "having seen a good deal of you for some time past, I am not disposed to think you a man influenced by considerations of that kind. Have you mentioned your sentiments to Miss Tredgold? Yes? And they are returned? Yes? In that case you may consider the matter settled, so far as my consent is concerned. I am simply anxious for her happiness. No doubt, you wonder at my ready assent in your case to a suit which I have refused a number of gentlemen in much better positions than your own? I have my own reasons. I do not want money for my daughter. I can give her as much as I think is good for any young pair to have."

"What a gem of a father-in-law!" I thought.

"The fact is, I am a student, sir," he went on, "a humble one, it is true, of individual character as delineated in the human eye."

"I began to feel very particularly uncomfortable.

"At one time I studied phrenology. What is moral character? says the phrenologist. Moral character, he replies, is bumps. I tried nosology. What is the index of intelligence? asks the nosologist. It is your nose. He knows nothing. They are all wrong together. Where do I look to read the moral and perceptive faculties of the human mind?—whither do I turn to seek for infallible indications that my confidence shall not be misplaced? To the eye, sir. The eye is the window of the soul. That is where a man's character is written. Depend upon it, it is all in your eye."

"Really, this was very disagreeable. I was so perplexed I could not tell what to do. It flashed through my mind that I had better go down on my knees, and at once avow myself a wretched one-eyed impostor, regardless of all consequences to the inspectorship. But this is weakness, I thought. Should I give up the secret of so many years' standing, and lose Laura and the inspectorship at one fell swoop? No. With a powerful effort, I controlled my feelings.

"I have read your eyes," said Mr. Tredgold, "and I must say they impress me with a favorable opinion of the candor and frankness of your disposition."

"What a guilely being I felt!

"A very favorable opinion, sir. And I will say I have confidence in you. Plainly, I like you; and I would rather have you for a son-in-law than any other young gentleman I know; and I believe you will make Laura a good husband."

"For very shame, I could hardly find words suitably to express my acknowledgments of his good opinion; but I blurted out something, and the old gentleman shook me cordially by the hand, and wished me good-night."

"I don't know if you will think me unduly inquisitive," I said, "but I should like to ask you one question before I go."

"Not at all. You probably mean as to the amount of the settlement—"

"No, no," I interrupted, coloring. "I assure you that was furthest from my thoughts. It is on a very different subject. Your daughter wished me to ask why you came to Stepmister?"

"Mr. Tredgold looked at me keenly for a moment, then he replied, with some abruptness:—

"Change of air. Good-night."

"The manner in which he said 'good-night,' did not admit of further conversation."

"Why had Laura insisted on my asking this question? Surely not to elicit such an unsatisfactory piece of information as this. I fancied I heard the old gentleman chuckle to himself, as he shut the street-door on me.

"Could there be any reason worth keeping secret connected with Mr. Tredgold's coming to Stepmister? Had he done anything wrong? Did he want to avoid anything, or anybody? It did not look like it, for he had taken no pains to live a quiet, retiring life in the town. Again, why did Laura wish me to know the reason that had brought them here? It mattered nothing to me, that I could see. I loved Laura Tredgold; that was enough for me.

"Then I thought about my eye. Could I tell them, after deceiving them hitherto? The worst of the first step in deception is that it makes the others so easy. I did not see that I could. Besides, surely it was no crime to have a glass eye; it was my misfortune. Why should I go and tell people: 'Look here; this is a glass eye; when they liked it better for believing it to be real? It would be cruel—heartless. Besides, Laura did not love me for my eye. No; I would not tell her yet. I determined—I would rather she should find it out. Perhaps I would lead her on gently to the discovery, and so break the blow, and be able to say—'Alas! bless me; what! didn't you know it?' That would be the preferable course."

"When I next saw Laura, she was very eager to know if her father had told me anything about the reason which brought them to settle in Stepmister. I mentioned his reply, and it caused her a good deal of apparent uneasiness."

"He ought to have told you that, Pen. I don't think I ought to be your wife till you know."

"I protested my utter indifference to the cause that brought them here, whatever it might be."

"But, Pen," she said, plucking at her dress—"oh dear, you ought to know it. I wish I could tell you. I am sure you will regard me with an eye of scorn by-and-by, when you find I have kept something from you." The tears were coming up in her beautiful eyes as she looked at me.

"No, I said; nothing would ever make me change my opinion of her, as the dearest darling—Well, we will leave the epithets. In fact, as I thought of my secret, which I had not disclosed, it was rather a relief to me that she should not tell me why they came to Stepmister. It encouraged and exalted me, as it were, for my own reserve. But I would much have preferred, though, she should have said 'eyes of scorn,' instead of an eye to me in a way which seemed quite personal."

"Are you sure, Pen, you will forgive me, whatever you learn about me in the future?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, in course of time, we were married. I still maintained my office as inspector. No one ever had such a wife as mine—the best-tempered and most lovable creature, I really believe, in the world. Our congeniality of feeling was something wonderful. Even down to little matters of the most trivial character in likes and dislikes, there was perfect unanimity between us. It may seem a very absurd instance to give of this unanimity, it is so trifling. But I have always had a great antipathy to flies. I very nearly exposed my secret on one occasion before the Board, owing to flies. It was autumn, and a fly had been buzzing about my face, stinging me for a long time whilst reading a Report. Then I missed him; I thought he was gone. Meantime, that fly was intently engaged in my glass eye. It was a wonder the Board never noticed it; if they had, I should have been found out. At home, I have devoted a great deal of my leisure, in the fly-season, to devising traps and poisonous sweetmeats for them—and I have fly-cages in every room. I was almost afraid Laura would think this suspicious; but no, she never did. Her skin is particularly delicate and sensitive. Laura did not like flies; I was glad of that."

"There was one thing, I must say, caused me no little annoyance about Laura. It was only a little thing in itself, and no doubt I ought to have been above feeling hurt at such a trifle. Still, ever so little a thing, when it's in your eye, for instance, as a speck of dust, does cause a great deal of annoyance. With the congeniality of feeling between us, I certainly did feel hurt that Laura should keep her desk constantly and consistently locked from me. I wanted some ink one day. I knew she had some in her desk, and asked for the keys. The way she hustled about to open that desk herself, and the excuses she made to prevent my going to it, were a masterpiece of female diplomacy. It was not that I wanted to go to her desk, so much as that I didn't like being locked away from it. It played on my mind when I considered the mutual confidence that should subsist between man and wife. To be sure, I had not told her about my glass eye—that was the only secret I had from Laura—but then she didn't know that, and she at least believed I had withheld nothing whatsoever from her, so that there was no excuse for her withholding anything from me. Another thing to do with the desk was this: Laura had received at least two letters since our marriage, not in female handwriting, which she very artfully coaxed and persuaded me out of wanting to see. I knew they were in the desk. And there was a certain neat little parcel, 'a present,' she said, 'from a friend.' That went into the desk too. But why this mystery? A harmless deception on my part was excusable, but I could not bear deception in other people."

"By-and-by, from this very little seed, there grew up a sort of constraint between us, until Laura, observing it, at last threw me her keys, and calling me a 'bad Penny,' (a playful title of reproach,) bade me examine her desk myself, and not be suspicious about nothing. Then I felt ashamed of myself, and wouldn't do it. Then Laura insisted on turning it out before my eyes, and showing me its contents. I would not read the letters, but I saw a little box with a brooch in it, which I much doubted being the same she had received in the packet alluded to. It was all very well her calling me a 'horrid Bluebeard,' but I knew the handwriting on the paper enclosing it was not the same, for I distinctly remembered that writing."

"One day, coming home tired after a fagging morning's work at inspecting, I found my household in great commotion. One of my female domestics was crying, and on my entering the house, she began:—

"Oh, if you please, sir, missus have fell."

"Fell? fell? I asked, in amazement. 'What do you mean, girl?'

"'Fell, sir; fell down-stairs and hurt herself.'

"Where is she? I asked, pushing past her to seek my wife."

"I hope you'll bear up, sir—but missus have gone. Gone, sir—left the house, the servant added, seeing my look of incredulity. 'I was up-stairs, cleanin' of myself for dinner,' the girl continued, 'when I heard somethin' fall on the stairs, and I heard missus scream. I went and helped her up, for she had fell and hurt her forehead. She wouldn't let us do nothin' for her. She put on her things, sir, and went out almost directly afterwards, sayin' she had left a note for you, sir. She was sobbin' very much when she left.'

"Seriously agitated about my wife, I ran up-stairs, and found on Laura's dressing-table the following note:—

"DEAREST PEN—Forgive my leaving you thus. I have suffered much from deceiving you so long, but never thought it would come to this. Do not follow me; my peace depends upon it. You will soon know all. My father will know of my going."

Laura.

"Cool, upon my word. Was this the woman whom I had loved, and cherished, and adored, and kept no secret from?—that is, nothing worth mentioning—to go and own to a systematic course of deception? And her father a base accomplice too! he knew of her going. Clapping my hands frantically to my forehead, 'Oh, woman, woman! look upon the wreck you have made!' I exclaimed. The emotion was too powerful, for my glass eye fell out with the force of the blow, and shivered itself to fragments at my feet. On second thoughts, I was glad she could not look upon the wreck she had made."

"Yet, could I believe Laura false? Then the demon of jealousy whispered to me about the letters, and the 'present from a friend.' I hardly dared to think about the agitation she had invariably betrayed when I had referred to this subject. At least, I would go to her father, Mr. Tredgold—go and wring the truth from him, deceitful impostor that he was—and know the worst."

"But stay. It was utterly impossible to go as I was—without my eye. I had been accustomed to keep a spare eye against emergencies in my desk at the inspector's office. I had broken that a month ago, and though I had written for a new one to be addressed to the office, it had not yet arrived. Delay was agonizing; but I could certainly do nothing till I had been to London and got my vision repaired."

"Holding my handkerchief to my face, I set off immediately to the railway station, telling all the inquiring friends who stopped me, that something had blown in my eye, (this was no fib, for gunpowder had, years before,) Arrived there, I eagerly inquired if my wife had been seen to leave. She had, the station-master told me; she had in fact left by the previous train, with a ticket for London—apparently much distressed in mind—dressed in travelling costume, with a thick black veil on. Evidently for the purpose of avoiding recognition as much as possible, I decided. I was therefore on the very road to overtake her, while, as my train was express, I should be in London within an hour of the time at which she could arrive."

"On reaching London, after a few unsuccessful inquiries at the Waterloo terminus respecting a lady answering the description I gave, I told a cabman to drive me to Mr. Bernotti's, the optician in Regent Street."

"Will you walk into a private room, and wait, sir, for a few minutes? Mr. Bernotti is engaged just now."

"However, presently, Mr. Bernotti appeared. A pleasant little man, with twinkling eyes, a buoyant disposition, and a cork-leg, which always seemed restive, and not properly broken in—it never went well with the other leg; it was too fast for it; and it appeared to impress the natural leg with a hopeless conviction of inferiority."

"After profuse apologies for keeping me waiting, and several conciliatory flourishes which his cork-leg seemed to get up independently of him, and entirely on its own account, Mr. Bernotti said: 'This is your size, I see by my books—No. 188 Basel—'—and a very neat eye it is. Shall I put you up an 'off-eye' for spare use? Thank you, sir.—Am I doing pretty well in eyes? Thank you, yes; nothing to complain of.—You would hardly have thought it? No; probably not—few persons would, in fact. You see that the triumph of art is so perfect, one does not really know who has glass eyes and who has not. Scores of people, in every town, wear them who are never suspected of such a thing, the illusion is so perfect. Yours, I am proud to own, is a very successful case. There are others no less so. Among the list of persons who have obtained respectable damages from various railway companies for the loss of an eye, and even pensions from government, I could point out at least a few instances in which the eye so damaged has been one of my make. No one has been the wiser, in fact, only the other day, I was deceived myself. A French gentleman was introduced to me by a friend as requiring an eye. This is his eye, sir—No. 81 Gra. Well, sir, after carefully matching the artificial eye by the real one, I directed his attention to the extreme lightness of our manufacture, and begged him to hold it up to the light and observe its transparency. If you will believe me, sir, that gentleman's other eye, which I took for real, was glass. He was blind as a bat. I never knew it till he told me."

"With renewed apologies, Mr. Bernotti followed his leg, which flourished off, downstairs. Having wished him good-afternoon, I set out to prosecute my search after my wife."

"I need not detail the particular steps by which I sought to carry out this purpose; but may state that I drove to every metropolitan railway station, and made most careful inquiries. Next day, after fruitless search, I determined to return to the Waterloo terminus, and endeavor to elicit something which might guide me in fresh investigations. I found waiting for me there a telegram: 'From Mr. Tredgold, Stepmister, to Penelope Crowsley, Esq., London.—Come down. It is all right. Laura is here.'"

"I was so thankful! But what could she have meant by 'having deceived me,' and 'for long? I thought, referring to her note. And why should she have written me such a note at all, and aroused such cruel suspicions? There was a good deal to be explained, at any rate."

"I returned to Stepmister by next train, and hurried off to Mr. Tredgold's. Laura received me at the door in an ecstasy of delight; and I was about putting twenty different questions to her at a time, to know the reason of her singular conduct, when old Mr. Tredgold said: 'Wait a bit. None of that. Just cut your eye this way, Pen, my boy; here's a little bit of a round I want you and Laura to try over with me before I allow a word to be said about this little mystery.—No; I insist,' he said, seeing me about to remonstrate. 'Pleasure first, business afterwards.'

"The cloth was laid for supper, and we sat round the table, a plate in front of each of us, while Mr. Tredgold handed Laura and me the notes of the round, keeping a copy for himself."

"When I had glanced at my copy, I felt ready to sink through the floor with mortification. I could not believe my eyes—eye, I mean."

"Now then," cried Mr. Tredgold smartly. 'Laura begins one, and two, and—'

"Laura began, blushing, and in a voice very unlike her natural one, to sing:—

"Oh! do you know the Glass-eye Man? Oh! do you know his name? Who keeps the shop in Regent street, And goes a little lame?"

"This was terrible; but reflection was out of the question, for Mr. Tredgold, with his stentorian bass, immediately began singing, to the same air, by way of reply:—

"Oh, yes, I know the Glass-eye Man; Bernotti is his name; He keeps the shop in Regent street, And goes a little lame."

"But the worst was, the terrible proof Mr. Tredgold gave that he really did know the Glass-eye man, for he had no sooner finished the verse, than, with a burst of laughter, he took out his own eye—to my terrible surprise, a glass one—and placed it on the plate before him. I was almost stupefied. But in a moment, the old gentleman recovered himself from his chuckles sufficiently to call out: 'Chorus, if you please! In which I very lugubriously joined."

"Then there's one of us knows the Glass-eye Man, There's one of us knows his name, Who keeps the shop in Regent street, And goes a little lame."

"Now," said my eccentric father-in-law, 'it is my turn.' And he addressed the inquiry to me to the same tune."

"I was forced, very reluctantly, to own, in reply, as he had done, that I certainly did know the individual referred to."

"Very well, then," he remarked, when I had finished, 'out with it, can't you?'

"Very furtively I obeyed, and placed my eye on the plate before me. My wife gave a scream of laughter, which much disconcerted me. There we were, two of us—Mr. Tredgold and I—holding our handkerchiefs up to our faces, and contemplating the upturned glance of our eyes from our plates. It was most ludicrously horrible."

"Chorus, if you please."

"Whereupon we stated harmoniously that there were 'two of us' knew the Glass-eye Man."

"I thought we had done."

"No, no," said Mr. Tredgold; 'pass the harmony round.'

"It therefore devolved upon me to put the question to my wife: 'Did she know, &c.' Before I had finished, the truth flashed across me—sure enough she did."

"With a little terrified cry, she deposited her eye on the plate, and ran out of the room, leaving us to sing the chorus by ourselves, to wit:—

"Then there are three of us know the Glass-eye Man; Bernotti is his name; Who keeps the shop in Regent street, And goes a little lame."

"In a few minutes, Laura returned with her 'off-eye' inserted in place of the one left in the room. 'You know now why I went to London, Pen. I fell down going up-stairs with my spare eye in my hand, and



the other one falling out, I broke both unfortunately at once. The two letters were so suspicious about them from Bernoulli—so was the box. You might have known he would not have addressed letters to two persons in one house in the same handwriting, on such a private matter, you dear old goose you. But you need not be jealous again, for we will have our eyes down together in future—won't we, dear?"

"Yes," said Mr. Tredgold; "we'll all have our eyes down together, now the mischief is out, and perhaps they'll come cheaper, like that. But now, Mister Crossley, I'll have a word with you. I'll tell you why we came to Stepinminer. Soon after Laura left school, she met with the accident that deprived her of the sight of one eye. When it was replaced with the best imitation we could procure, I began to see there would be plenty of suitors yearning to accept her one eye as a drawback that might be balanced by her money, for everybody knew of her misfortune as well as her fortune. I did not care to have Laura wooed under circumstances so disadvantageous to her real merits, so I removed her, where at least there could be no knowledge of her infirmity to prejudice her future. I had no intention that Laura should marry without her husband's knowing the secret as soon as she was honestly loved for her own sake. If I withheld that secret from you, it was your own fault. I was disposed to you from the first, from discovering that you had a glass eye; and I gave you every opportunity to own it, even leading the conversation to the subject. You refused. I therefore considered myself justified in strictly forbidding Laura to tell you her secret till I gave her permission. Thought I, you will both find out the truth by-and-by; but till you do, not a penny of my money shall you touch, Mister Pen, as a penalty for your deception. Now that you understand one another, there is no further reason for your not giving up the one-eyed inspectorship to some man who is better qualified for the office. The next thing is for you and Laura to take a couple of months' holiday, and travel about the country till you can't your own eyes upon some comfortable little property where you can make up your minds to settle down in quiet—and you can send me the bill, and then we'll see what else can be done for you."

"Need I say, we did so—or that, in consequence, here we are."

"There," said Pen, when we had finished his story; "I hope I have convinced you that my luck is 'all my eye.'"

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Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market Streets.

Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market Streets.

Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market Streets.

Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?

Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia.

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Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?

Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always FRESHER, a large business keeping a steady flow of new goods to their customers all the time.

Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S CHEAPER than other places?

Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.

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Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the class.

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Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garb, including, and every description of Children's Clothing.

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This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold; cannot be distinguished from it by the best judges; retains its color till worn out, and is equal to gold excepting in intrinsic value. All our gentlemen's Watches are *Patented Patent Levers*; those for ladies, an Improved *Regiment*, better than a *Lever* for a small Watch; all in *Handing Cases*, and fully guaranteed by special certificate. The *Big Watches* are equal in appearance, style of finish, and general appearance, and for time, to a Gold one costing \$150. Those of \$50 are of extra fine finish, and are fully equal to a Gold Watch costing \$200. Chains of every style, from \$2 to \$5.

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## STERRMAN

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Dr. STERRMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical cures for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. STERRMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

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### HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effective for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color and freshness of growth. This hair is the best, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such a condition can be saved for usefulness by its application.

Instead of foisting the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can be used with perfect safety. It is wanted merely for a

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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## My Adventure with the Indians.

If there is any human discomfort which is not comprehended in being hauled across the continent by gram-fed oxen in fly-time, I have not rightly studied the wagons, though their occupants may have found one. In a large company of emigrants gathered from several parts of the land there are necessarily many disorders of pulling faster and pulling slower; and then the jangling of teamsters, the spitting, the mirage, the rain, the river, the breaks, the startings and stoppings, the ox over the chain and the driver tugging at his tail to pull him back, the land spilled over your coat, the tent leaking into your ear, the horse stepping in the frying-pan. Good families become as quarrelsome as any in Plautus. I have known a family of grown and intelligent sisters wrangle away a midnight hour over a brother whose little eyes Death seemed already to have touched with his finger—so vexing were the annoyances of a rainy and mud-dragged march.

Then, of all trains on the road, ours was the slowest. If one ox of a hundred limped, the ninety and nine limped with him, and we all limped. Then, too, none but a grunting Texan knows how to work by the old rule of three properly. None better than he can solve the following problem:—Given grass, wood, and water, to find the least amount of travelling that can be done.

Still, I had stayed with the train for fear of the Indians. Yet, as day after day went on, and we saw nothing, secret shame for my cowardice was added to my disgust.

So, on the next day I went out with the train a few miles from Tucson, and then walked alone. A mile or two from the city, the Santa Cruz turns westward through a rank and almost impenetrable chaparral of mesquite and gatu; sinks in the sand; reappears in black boggy banks; and so continues this flitting and refrigerating bo-peep, until at last it dives under the desert a hundred miles, and is thought to bubble up into the Gila, at Maricopa Well. About ten miles west of Tucson, one turns away from it to the left to go up on the desert, where one finds one's self in a vast pinyon forest—leafless, so that the eye can travel leagues—a regal emerald colonnade, which proudly rears its capitals as if to pillar up the cope of heaven itself. We are now again on the floor of the great parallelogram which sweeps across westward, from the San Pedro to the Gila, a hundred miles, between the parallel Santa Rita and Santa Catharina Mountains—but is cut diagonally into three or four sections by spurs of hills, which reach a third or half of the way across. The California road runs down along the middle of it, past the point of one of these cross-walls, the Point of Mountain; burst through another, the Pico; and another, the Gila hills. All these sierras, even the Santa Rita and Santa Catharina, are insignificant for height, or any grandeur—but are of a rich brown or Venetian-red granite porphyry, which, seen in this magic atmosphere, mellowed by soft lilac haze, is wonderfully beautiful.

When I left the train I brought along a calabash of pinola, some manchets of yellow Arizona flour, and one of my blankets. Arms had I none, for, like Anacron, I had no fiercer ambition than to shed the blood of the grape. At first the blanket seemed to me as nothing; but, under the digging rays of an Arizona noon, it soon became intolerable. A plague upon all blankets in summer! I slung it down, sat down on it, and wiped my forehead. Again I took it up, sweat under it for a while, then flung it away forever.

At night I slept under the boughs of a gatu, near the base of the Pico—the very nest-egg of a massacre. Ignorant of danger as I was, I slept that night a large and lordly sleep, with North America for my bed, for my pillow Arizona, and for my blanket the great blue heaven. Oh, it is worth a century of dull, thick-crammed years to lie down alone in a mighty land, and at midnight look up to the multitudes of heaven, where they roam in the measureless void! To fling off one's airy counterpane in the morning, to sit upon one's bed and behold the gorgeous East, and look face to face at the sun, as he, too, rises, in the greatness of his glory, from his couch in the mountains—this, this is liberty! Arizona is mine. America is my house. The notched top of Pico is my fender. The universal atmosphere is my chimney. Bring me my coffee and cigars!

Instead thereof I munched a biscuit, and added some cool, crimson prickly pears, washing it down with dew from rocky goblets in the Pico. After breakfast I walked on into the pass. There is really no pass, for the plain pours through a mile in width, cutting off two or three miles of the southern end of the range. The whole thing seems done in miniature, yet one walks long miles after mile, up the easy swell of the plain, then between the noble and mighty walls of porphyry, for-capped in the morning, but all the while on the plain, which is here carpeted with plenteous grass, and sprinkled with charming groves of mesquite, greenwood, gatu, and the columnar pinyon; then, down by a decent and easy and as beautiful, along a sandy avenue winding between the delightfully green parks.

When I got down upon the sand level of the plain, where the bushes were very scant and stunted, I plodded on in the sand without looking much around. Quite suddenly I cannot think to this day how they got so near, before I noticed them—I saw a band of mounted Tonto Apaches approaching from the right. My blood turned pretty cold, and I felt a faint, swimming sickness; but it was worse than useless to attempt to escape, so I stopped and stood motionless. That pause probably saved my life, for it enabled me to collect my scattered senses, and thinly cloak my very genuine terror under a semblance of audacity. They saw I was wholly in their clutches, and so rode quietly forward. After a few moments, swallowing down my heart with a choking sensation, I advanced to meet the foremost, wretching my face in what must have been a pretty ghastly hysterical smile, for I dared not show by my voice how I trembled. I handed the chief my calabash, in which I purposely had some sprigs and sticks grotesquely arranged. He took it cautiously, looked at it curiously, smelted it, found it was empty, and dashed it on the ground with a grunt of immeasurable contempt.

Then there came to me a happy thought. All savages are vain. My mirror! my mirror! I handed it to the chief. He saw before him that face which to most of mankind is the dearest one on earth, his own—a face which for forty years had been to him a blank—and his savage pride was kindled. He gazed at himself with riveted steadiness for many moments, while the



ROSE PHILISTINE.—"Ya-as, I discontinued smoking. I found I could do a parospically larger amount of work without it!"  
SALLOW ARTIST.—"Eh! Gave up smoking for the purpose of doing more work? Well, that's the most extraordinary reason I ever heard! 'Gad! there's no accounting for tastes!"

others crowded around. He allowed another to snatch it for a moment; and this, another; and so on—one grinning with a foolish delight, others laughing like children; then the chief snatched it in turn, and screwed his face to his double with unmingled and unabated satisfaction.

All this gave me time, gave me confidence; it gave me a sort of hold upon them. Now, play for your life, I said to myself, like a captured mouse. I began to execute a variety of absurd and ridiculous antics, like a lunatic, as if to express my delight at this happy meeting. Ha! old Copperhead, my lad, give me your hand! I will give you a lock of my hair at parting; but pray you do not take it all! I grasped and shook his hand, and slapped him familiarly on the thigh, as he sat before me on his horse. This seemed to please him, for he smiled a little, but gave most of his attention to the mirror. Then I stroked down my infant beard, and rubbed my hand over his smooth chin, and laughed like a maniac, though I still did not venture to speak. This did not seem to please His Greasy Majesty so well, but he showed no resentment.

After the curiosity over the mirror had a little abated, they began to plunder me; but the chief seemed to be considerably impressed in my favor, and by slowly surrendering up one thing after another—now with a sort of pleased, silly acquiescence, now with solemn and mysterious gestures of remonstrance—I saved my precious notebook. The chief seemed to be in doubt about me, and when he grew a little tired of gazing at the glass, said something which caused me to let me alone. They now turned to ride away, and one of them motioned to me to mount behind him. I would have given a farm for the privilege of not doing so; but it might have been unsafe to decline; so I mounted—but, purposely, got on wrong-side before, with my face turned toward the tail. At this my grim captors were much amused, but they rode briskly away. Will they carry me away captive at last? But, before we rode fifteen minutes, I contrived to make myself so disagreeable to the fellow—now, by urging on his horse; now, by swinging my arms around, and vociferating like a foolish man; now by thumping my back and head against his—

that he stopped and made me dismount. To avert the consequences of the anger which I feared might have been aroused, I ran to a horse, opened his mouth, and plucked out his tongue to look for his eye, instead of inspecting his teeth. This, too, amused the savages, and seemed to be the last link of evidence which convinced them that I was an incurable fool. They talked a little together, and then, when I shook hands with them, and, with many absurd gestures and grimaces of farewell, turned to go away, to my great joy, they offered no opposition. Only once I considered it necessary to look back, and saw them gathered again around the miracle-working glass, gazing at themselves with an insatiable curiosity.—*Overland Monthly.*

## FOUL WEATHER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

The rain upon the sodden grass  
Is beating, beating, wearily  
Gray clouds of mist, like phantoms, pass,  
And the salt, wet winds wail drearily.  
And it brings to me, from the shore afar,  
The dirge of the surf on the outer bar.

My heart, within my fevered breast,  
Is beating, beating wearily,  
And memory, with a sad unrest,  
Wails through its chambers drearily,  
Till I almost wish that the surf afar  
Were singing my dirge on the outer bar.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Apt Quotations.

A good instance of epigrammatic quotation is recorded of Hamilton Reynolds, well known as possessing, among other acquisitions, an exceptionally great acquaintance with Shakespeare's works. He was present at the Gore House, one evening, among a number of distinguished men, and as the Countess of Blessington saw him to the door on his departure, she said, "I understand, Mr. Reynolds, that you enjoy the reputation of being able to give a Shakespearean most suitable to every occasion. Come, what have you to say now?" "Madame," replied Reynolds, "I take my leave."

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"  
He bowed profoundly as he spoke, and went.

The very happiest quotation on record is recalled to mind by the death of Lord

Brougham. In the trial of Queen Caroline it was a curious and significant fact that no prosecutor appeared, and it became most important to show that the king was the real plaintiff. Questions to witnesses bearing on that point were objected to, and Brougham, in a memorable outburst, indignantly protested against this, urging that, for all he could tell, the prosecution might suddenly vanish into thin air, since he knew not under what shape it existed—

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb—  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed:  
For each seemed either—what seem'd his head."

The effect of this quotation, apparently so spontaneously conjured up in the memory of the speaker, yet so singularly apposite, was electrical.

**Schedule of a Bankrupt Chinaman.**  
A Chinese named Ah Sam, who kept the "Lord Nelson Restaurant," in Victoria, Vancouver Island, became bankrupt, and was ordered to file a schedule of his assets. Not knowing the names of his customers, he had entered a short description of them in his ledger, and when he entered the court he had nothing more than the following to show:

A butcher owes,	18
Captain of a schooner,	50
Red shirt man,	27
Man comes late (a printer),	10
Whiskers man,	18 3/4
Whiskers man's friend,	6 25
Double blanket man,	6 50
Little short man,	10
Double blanket man's friend,	15
Lame leg man,	40
Fat man,	9 25
Red whiskers,	7 50
Indian Ya,	4 62 1/2
Dick make coal shoveler,	28
Yap Earings,	25
Flower pantolon man,	16
Get-tight man,	7

The last entry, the commissioner decided, was of much too general a character to allow of the slightest hope of fixing the debt upon any one in particular.

## A Marriage Maker.

When Professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject, you must just go and tell him my proposals yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back."

He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words, "With the author's compliments."

## Four Days' Deliberation.

In one of the old Dutch settlements of Mohawk Valley, a very honest old farmer of the Little Four Corners was elected Justice of the Peace. It was not supposed that Squire V. had amassed much legal learning, but he was quite noted for his unsophisticated honesty and frankness—indeed, a blunt Dutchman, whose heart never erred, but whose head had very little connect on with it in the administration of his official functions. It happened that his first case was quite hotly contested by lawyers on both sides. They summed it up elaborately, and after they got through quoting from "Cowen's Treatise," the bar-room of the hotel (his office) being crowded with eager spectators, to hear the first decision of the new Justice, the old man deliberately folded up his docket, put it under his arm, lit his pipe, and said:

"Well, shentlemen, I shall take four days to decide, but shall eventually find shugement for de plaintiff."

A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to another editor similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

The difference between an American and an African wilderness is, that one is full of black bears, and the other of bare blacks.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Teams for the Farm.

The question is occasionally raised as to whether horses or oxen are the most valuable for farm labor, but like the one about "Billy Patterson," it remains an open one for the very good reason that it admits of no exact solution. For some kinds of work on the farm horses may be best; for others, oxen. In either case much will depend on the fact whether or not the animals are properly trained or broken to the work required. As a general thing a span of horses will plough over more ground in a day than a yoke of oxen because they walk faster—yet occasional exceptions to this occur. We remember to have aided in turning over a fallow of twenty-five acres in which a span of horses and a yoke of oxen were employed. It was decided to test their relative capacity for the work—both teams being allowed their natural gait. Equal sections of land were assigned to both teams, and the oxen came out invariably a little ahead—gaining time at each turning of the corners. They were then tried on the same lands for a day, with no marked advantage on either side. These oxen were broke to the work; held their heads well up and marched along with a steady, stately step. In this particular instance the oxen were better for ploughing than the horses, for the simple reason that performing equal work, they cost less for keeping, and were more readily prepared for labor.

When the field of operations is at any considerable distance from the barn or pasture, the horse would have the advantage in it. As a general thing, the summer season through, horses can do more work than oxen for this reason, if no other, they can stand the heat better. Both are important on a considerable farm, and if the ox is found to be worth the most when age suspends labor, the horse will have made up the difference by the celerity of his movements, and the more diversified uses for which his labor has been made available. Both are good in their places, and no extensive farmer is properly equipped for business who is destitute of either.—*Rural New Yorker.*

## Model "Scare Crows."

About twenty years ago, at the Birmingham Queen's Cottage Industrial Exhibition, was exhibited an apparatus called a bird-scare. It was to be fixed on an iron rod in the middle of a field, and then wound up like a clock, when it would go for a certain number of hours; the said go being a loud report like the discharge of a gun, at intervals of a minute. I saw and heard it in working, and it was sufficiently terrifying to one's nerves. But I was told that, practically, it was a failure; and that the crows were only alarmed at it during the first hour, after which, finding that its regularly-recurring report did them no harm, they prosecuted their researches for food within its near neighborhood. But, elsewhere, I saw another description of a bird-scare, used by a farmer of intelligence and skill. Strong sticks, about eighteen inches high, were fixed all over the field, and at such distances that strings could be passed tightly from one to the other. On these strings, every here and there, were tied dangling pieces of tin—the sweepings of a tin manufactory, and bought for a mere trifle—which not only swung and jingled, but also flashed back the light. This plan is often adopted in gardens, and the farmer had merely extended it when he took it in his thirty-acre field. He told me that he had used it for several seasons with the greatest success, and that there was no plan that could surpass it for scaring the birds. It had also the merit of cheapness—did not take a man or a boy from other work, for food within its near neighborhood in yelling, clapping, and blunderbuss discharges. Can any one suggest a better invention as a bird-scare? My gardener pronounces the secret of its success to lie in the stretched strings, which the suspicious birds take for a net; but I imagine that the flashing of the light has more to do with frightening them. Any way, the plan answers.—*Once a Week.*

## Salt for Manure.

The use of salt for manure is increasing in a most rapid way in England. People are beginning to find out that from one-fourth to one-third of the special agricultural manures sold, consists of salt, and many have used salt to the extent, in the field, of twelve hundred weight per acre, and in the garden to even a greater extent, and always with benefit. The refuse salt at the Goodrich Salt Wells is being used, and we are assured with the best results, particularly on worn-out land. It now begins to be the opinion of some of our best English agriculturists that want of salt is the cause of the "clover sickness" in land; also that the disease called "finger and toe" in turnips is found to yield to salt. The following fact may be relied on: The writer having to make a path through an old worn-out sod of a meadow, for the purpose of getting rid of earthy matter which soiled the feet (and the meadow being on a very thin shaly sand and yellow loam), removed the turf to a sufficient depth to leave the sheer sand alone, and for a time made a nice clean path; but it being below the surface of the adjoining land, which was foul with weeds, all the seeds drifted with the wind into the path, and became very troublesome. To remove and kill the weeds, he sprinkled the whole path with dry salt and hoed it. This killed the weeds, but the heads of clover having drifted into the path, there came a most luxuriant growth of clover, which smothered the weeds, and took thorough possession of the soil, and for ten years the clover there flourished ten times better than on any other spot on the premises. Try it.—*C. J. Canada Farmer.*

## Water for Horses.

Mr. B. Cartledge, of Sheffield, a member of the Royal Veterinary College, calls attention to the very common mistake made by keepers of horses in limiting the supply of water to their animals. Many owners of horses, most grooms, and others who have the charge of them, profess, he says, "to know how much water a horse ought to be allowed, and when a poor, thirsty, over-driven animal arrives at his journey's end, he is treated to a very limited supply and the pail is taken away before its necessity is half met. It is a mistaken notion that cold water frequently produces 'colic.' I have known it to cure the disease. When cold water does cause abdominal pain, it is from long abstinence, and when the horse drinks to excess. But even this is rare. I allow my horse to drink from every trough I meet on the road, if the water be clean,

and, in my own stud, I never had a case of colic. At home, my horses always have water before them. A friend of mine, to whom, the other day, I gave this advice directed his servant to adopt it. The servant shook his head, and said, "he thought he knew as well as Mr. Cartledge when his horses required water and how much." The owner, in reply, told his servant that might be so, and he must allow his horses to drink as often and as freely as he did himself.—*English Farmer's Journal.*

## THE RIDDLE.

## Mathematical Problem.

What is the average distance of a given point in the surface of a sphere from all the points within it? ARTEMAS MARTIN.  
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Algebraical Problem.

Gold is 19½ times as heavy as water, and silver 10½ times. A mixed mass weighs 4,160 ounces, and displaces 250 ounces of water. What proportion of gold and silver does it contain? W. H. MORROW.  
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Probability Problem.

An urn contains 80 white balls and 20 black ones. Required—the probability that after five drawings a person will have 8 white balls and 2 black ones, taking a single ball from the urn at each drawing. WILLIAM HOOVER.  
Smithville, Wayne Co., O.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

☞ When is coffee real estate? Ans.—When it's ground.

☞ When is a crowd well preserved? Ans.—When it is a perfect-fool.

☞ Why are the clouds like coachmen? Ans.—Because they hold the reins.

☞ Why is a carving-knife like a pig's tail? Ans.—Because it flourishes over a ham.

☞ How to get up a blow—Catch cold in the head.

## Answers to Last.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—"Our God shall come."—Pa. 1. 3.

O phrah,	1 Sam. xiii. 17.
U riah's,	Ezra viii. 33.
R amah,	1 King xv. 29.
G ad's,	2 Kings xv. 17, 19.
O no,	1 Chron. viii. 12.
D smacus,	2 Cor. xi. 32.
S alu's,	Numb. xxv. 14.
H elam,	2 Sam. x. 17.
A sekah,	Josh. x. 11.
L ahmi,	1 Chron. xx. 5.
L ydda,	Acts ix. 38.
C hedrisomer,	Gen. xiv. 1.
O ded's,	2 Chron. x. 8.
M aselah's,	Jer. xix. 21.
E zel,	1 Sam. x. 19.

ENIGMA—Knight RIDDLE—"Little Barefoot."

Answers to Augustus's PROBLEM OF April 3d.—From C to A 80 perches, and from C to B 126 perches.—D. Diefenbach, E. P. Norton, J. N. Souder and J. Scott. C to A 65,964 perches, C to B 164,924 perches.—J. B. Sanlers. C to A 66,484 perches, C to B 163,084 perches.—J. S. Phebus. C to A 65,96 perches, C to B 164,86 perches.—W. B. S.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—48, 70 and 140—E. P. Norton, W. J. Barrett, J. N. Souder and J. Scott.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 10th—48, 60, 80, and 60,482 perches respectively.—A. Martin, J. N. Souder, J. S. Phebus, J. Scott, E. P. Norton.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—16 and 4—W. H. Morrow, J. Scott, E. P. Norton, W. Hoover, D. M., J. N. Souder and W. J. Barrett.

## RECEIPTS.

**FRENCH STEAKS MADE FROM COLD VEAL.**—Slice some cold veal, and cut up the slices into the form of mutton chops; rub them over with cayenne pepper and salt, and cover them in every part with the beaten yolks of eggs; sprinkle them over with bread-crumbs and a little grated lemon-peel. Put into the frying-pan (which must be delicately clean) a quarter of a pound of butter, dredge in some flour and add some gravy; stir these together, and when brought to the boiling point, put in the veal and fry the slices a light brown color. Lay them neatly round the dish, and place in the centre of it either some boiled peas, kidney beans, or spinach, or any other vegetable which may be in season, and pour some white sauce over them, and serve with the veal a sauce tureen of gravy with some lemon pickle mixed in with it.

**CREAM-PIE.—CRUST.**—1 cup white sugar, 1 cup of flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon of cream tartar, ½ of soda. Dissolve soda in 1 tablespoonful of water; put the flour in a dish, add the sugar and cream of tartar, mix all together; then break in the eggs, stir, and put in the soda; if not quite stiff enough, put in more flour.

**CREAM.**—½ pint of milk, ¼ cup of sugar, ¼ of flour, 1 egg. Boil the milk; beat together sugar, egg and flour; stir in a little cold milk to this, and when the other milk boils, add the mixture. When cake and cream are both cold, split the cake and put cream between. Enough for two pies.

**LEMON PUDDING MERINGUE.**—1 quart of sweet milk, 1 pint of bread-crumbs, 4 eggs, 1 cup of butter, 1 small cup of white sugar, 1 lemon. Put bread in part of milk, add yolks, butter and sugar; beat together with the remainder of the milk. After it is baked, beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth with 3 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and juice of lemon. Cover, and brown lightly.

**FRENCH HONEY.**—Break one pound of lump sugar into pieces; put into a pan, add the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of four, the juice of four lemons (and grate in the rinds of two), and a quarter of a pound of butter. Stir the ingredients well over a slow fire, until the mixture becomes thick as honey. It will keep a year if put into jars and tied down with paper and kept in a cool, dry place. It is most excellent to fill tarts with, or to spread between layers of cake.

**TO WASH CALICO.**—Put a teaspoonful of sugar of lead into a pailful of water, and soak calico in it fifteen minutes before washing and it will not fade.